

The Enterprise.

VOL. 5.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1900.

NO. 26.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:27 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
12:49 P. M. Daily.
3:57 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
5:02 P. M. Sundays only.
SOUTH.
7:33 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:02 A. M. Sundays only.
11:12 A. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
12:19 A. M. Sundays only.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 10:30 P. M.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:30 P. M.
All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.
First car leaves Station 8:52 A. M., and every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:30 P. M.
Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 10:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.
From the North..... 7:45 4:15
" South..... 11:30 7:00

MAIL CLOSURE.
North..... 8:50 12:30
South..... 7:00

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck..... Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain..... Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger..... Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock..... Redwood City
ASSASSIN
C. D. Hayward..... Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson..... Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield..... Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker..... Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton..... Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe..... Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert..... Redwood City

YIELDS TO POWERS' DEMAND.

Salmon Falls in With Plan Regarding Customs Duties.

Constantinople.—An imperial irade has been issued ordering the Porte to formulate proposals regarding the customs duties as suggested in the collective note of the Embassadors presented on April 7th.

The United States Legation joined the other embassies in protesting against the increase of import duties, the reply to the notification of the Porte asserting that the United States expects to be previously consulted with regard to any changes.

The Porte has not yet replied to the last collective note, but the changed tone of the Ottoman officials leads to a belief that a settlement has been reached in conformity with the demands of the foreign representatives. It is now fully expected that the Porte will invite the embassies to discuss the proposed changes. There is the greatest interest in political circles regarding the attitude of the United States in the indemnity claim, and it is believed that the powers having similar claims will support American action.

To Study Conditions at Nome.

Washington.—Dr. Cabel Whitehead, assayer of the Mint Bureau of the Treasury, has gone to Cape Nome. He will spend the summer there and in the mining regions of Alaska in studying mining matters. It is expected that he will make an elaborate report on his return on the present and prospective conditions and opportunities.

Steyn Urges the Boers to Fight On.

London.—The Bloemfontein correspondent of the Morning Post, telegraphing says: "President Steyn's address to the burghers was an impassioned speech. He implored them to continue their resistance until the results of the efforts of the Boer Peace Commissioners were known."

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME.

Things That Have Happened All Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest Our Readers Both Old and Young.

The sale of Polish newspapers has been forbidden at all Prussian railway stations.

The distress among the people of India is spreading and 5,500,000 persons are now receiving relief.

M. Coquelin and Mme. Bernhardt intend making an American tour after the Paris Exposition with "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon," both appearing in both plays.

A cable from Monte Carlo says: At the annual meeting of the Monte Carlo Casino Company a dividend of 195 francs per share was declared. This is a decrease of 55 francs per share from the last dividend.

After extended conferences the House Committee on Invalid Pensions, of which Representative Sulloway of New Hampshire is chairman, finally decided to report to the House Senate bill 1477, which is known as "the Grand Army bill."

The German Government, after looking into various Reichstag propositions for raising taxes to meet the expenses of the naval augmentation bill, now says that the only taxes available for this purpose are those on lotteries and Bourse transactions.

The Ways and Means Committee, at a special meeting, heard requests of the customs examiners who work under the appraisers for an increase in the limit of pay from \$2500 to \$4000, which increase, if allowed, will permit a regrading of these officials.

The Senate Committee on Military Affairs has reached an agreement to report the bill for the reorganization of the Army, with a number of amendments. The bill confers the rank of Lieutenant-General upon the senior Major-General, and that of Major-General upon the Adjutant-General of the Army.

The total receipts of the Cuban Treasury for the month of March, 1900, were \$1,678,668, divided as follows: Customs, \$1,472,990; postal receipts, \$13,729; internal revenue receipts, \$94,330; miscellaneous receipts, \$97,619. The receipts for the corresponding month of 1899 amounted to \$963,033.

Six small vessels are being fitted out by the Navy Department for service in surveying the waters of the Philippines. These vessels will be armed and are intended as well for blockade work. Spanish charts of the Philippines are woefully faulty and the Navy Department will endeavor to make a complete set of charts.

Andrew D. White, the United States Ambassador to Germany has successfully introduced during the season in the highest court and diplomatic circles American culinary delicacies such as clams, clam chowder, terrapin and California wines and fruits, etc., which have now become quite the rage in certain exclusive circles.

Senator Gallinger, chairman of the Senate Committee on Pensions, has introduced a bill in the Senate granting a pension of \$50 a month to General Longstreet. The bill gives the General's service as that of Major in the Eighth United States Infantry during the Mexican War and makes no reference to his connection with the Confederacy.

Senator Hale has introduced a bill to provide for the acquisition by the United States of the lands and rights herein necessary for the establishment of a naval station at Pearl Harbor, Island of Oahu, and for dredging the approaches to the harbor. The tracts to be acquired under the bill contain in the aggregate about 1880 acres and are as follows: Mokuumeume or Ford Island, comprising 350 acres; peninsular tract known as Waipio, about 820 acres; a tract of 383 acres lying to the eastward and fronting upon the entrance of the harbor, and a tract of 305 acres to the westward and fronting the harbor entrance.

According to returns representing between 80 and 90 per cent of the total tonnage, the production of coal in the United States in 1899 is estimated by Edward W. Parker, statistician of the United States Geological Survey, to have amounted to 230,838,973 long tons, equivalent to 258,539,650 short tons. As compared with the production in 1898, when the product amounted to 196,405,953 long tons, or 219,974,667 short tons, this indicates an increase of over 34,000,000 long tons, or 17.5 per cent. These figures exceed by 15,000,000 short tons the outside estimates heretofore made on the coal tonnage for 1899. The production of 220,000,000 short tons in 1898 was nearly 20,000,000 in excess of that in 1897, and both of these years were banner years in the industry.

ARMY REORGANIZATION PLANS.

Arrangements Designed to Meet the Immediate Needs of the Service.

Washington.—Secretary Root has had a further hearing before Senate Committee on Military Affairs upon his proposition for the reorganization of the Army.

A sub-committee of the full committee reported a measure intended to meet the more urgent needs of the service which, it is expected, will be pressed during the present session. This provides that the present staff of officers shall continue to be promoted according to seniority, but that hereafter any vacancy except that of Chief of Corps shall be filled by detail from the line and there shall be no more permanent appointments in the staff. The details are to last four years and the officers are then returned to the line, and in the case of those below rank of Lieutenant-Colonel they must serve in the line for two years before further staff duty.

Chief of staff corps are to be selected from among the officers now in those staffs, so long as such material shall be available, as they may be retired with the usual allowances. Vacancies in the line caused by transfers to staff shall be filled by promotion in the line. The President is authorized to retire any officers under suspension from duty by sentence of court-martial when such sentence would carry the suspension to within one year of the time of compulsory retirement.

The regimental organization is discontinued for the artillery, which is to belong to the line and is to be divided into coast and field artillery under a Chief of Artillery selected from the Colonies of Artillery and with a force of thirteen Colonels, twelve Lieutenant-Colonels, thirty-six Majors, 160 Captains and a like number of First and Second Lieutenants, and not to exceed 17,448 privates. There are to be not exceeding eighteen field batteries. The artillery is to be increased to the figure named at the rate of 20 per cent each year until the aggregate is reached. Provision is made for the appointment of veterinarians and of regimental chaplains, and the last sections confer upon the senior Major-General the rank of Lieutenant-General and upon the Adjutant-General the rank of Major-General.

TAKE UP ARMS TO AID BOERS.

Consul Hay Reports That Red Cross Men Turn Soldiers.

Washington.—United States Consul Hay at Pretoria has notified the State Department by cable of the reported action of the members of the Chicago ambulance corps in taking up arms in the Boer army instead of continuing with the hospital corps to which they had pledged themselves upon leaving the United States. Apparently the Portuguese authorities at Lourenzo Marquez had doubts as to the actual neutrality of these men, for the party was detained many days at the port before they were allowed to proceed over the railroad to Pretoria.

The officials here say that nothing can be done by them to prevent such violations of faith as are reported from South Africa. The men did not go out with arms, and so did not fulfill the legal description of a filibustering party which would have enabled the United States authorities to prevent their departure. Similarly the Portuguese authorities probably found themselves obliged to let the unknown men pass through Lourenzo Marquez, and it would appear that unless the British Government can induce the Portuguese to take a different view of their obligations, Portuguese South Africa will remain an open doorway for recruits entering the Transvaal.

WORK ON CHINESE ROADS.

Fervid Activity on the Moukden and Vladivostok Line.

Washington.—Minister Conger reports that the Russians are working with feverish activity to finish the railroad between Moukden and Vladivostok, the eastern terminus of the Siberian Railway, and he says the belief is that Russia's two great strategic points in the Far East, Port Arthur and Vladivostok—where she is said to have garrisons variously estimated at from 120,000 to 200,000 men—will be connected by rail not later than August of this year.

As a matter of fact there is already uninterrupted steam communication between St. Petersburg and the Pacific over the Siberian Railroad, though at present it is necessary to use the river route on the Shilka for that part of the distance between Stretensk and Khabarovsk. The schedule from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok is nineteen days. It is expected that the gap in the railroad now covered by the water route will be completed in about eighteen months.

Minister Conger also reports the completion of the Chinese railroad from Tien-tsin to Newchwang, 348 miles long. The new line from Tien-tsin to Chinchow is already paying 5 per cent on the investment, and it is expected that the entire line when opened will return 30 per cent.

In nearly all cases, fowls which feather and mature early are good setters and mothers and are usually attractive in appearance.

THE CUBAN CENSUS.

Spanish Element in the Island in the Minority.

NATIVES TO CONTROL CIVIL AFFAIRS

Population Placed at a Million and a Half—Percentage of Illiteracy Is Less Than Expected.

Washington.—The following cablegram has been received at the War Department from General Wood at Havana:

The compilation of the Cuban census returns was made in Washington under the personal direction of General Sanger, who also is in charge of the Porto Rican census. The figures were dispatched to Havana by mail a few days ago. General Sanger has made the figures public here. The results are very instructive, and, in the opinion of the War Department officials, fully justify the decision of the Administration to allow municipal suffrage in Cuba at this early date. The officials are gratified to find that the native Cubans constitute so large a portion of the population; that the whites so greatly outnumber the blacks and that so large a proportion of the native population can read and write. In their opinion there seems to be no room for the objection that the proposed basis of suffrage would result in turning the island over to the control of Spain.

The total population of Cuba is 1,572,797, including 815,205 males and 757,592 females. There are 447,372 white males and 462,926 white females of native birth. The foreign whites number 115,760 males and 26,458 females. There are 111,898 male negroes and 122,740 female negroes. The mixed races number 125,500 males and 145,305 females. There are 14,694 male and 163 female Chinese. The population of Havana city is 235,981 and of the Province of Havana 424,804. The population of the Province of Matanzas is 202,444, of Pinar del Rio 173,064, of Puerto Principe 88,234, of Santa Clara 356,534 and of Santiago 327,715.

Of the total population of the island 1,108,709 persons are set down as single, 246,351 as married, while 131,787 live together by mutual consent. There are 85,112 widowed persons.

Of the total population, according to citizenship, 20,478 are Spanish, 1,296,367 are Cubans, 175,811 are in suspense, 79,526 are of other citizenship and 616 are unknown. The Spanish by birth number 129,240. Of the children 10 years of age and over 49,414 have attended school. Of the total population 443,426 can read and write and 19,158 have a superior education.

The table on citizenship, illiteracy and education is regarded as specially important as forming the basis of suffrage about to be conferred. Because so many citizenships are still in suspense and for other reasons the returns are not quite complete, but the conclusion is drawn that there will be at least 140,000 native Cuban voters under the proposed basis of suffrage, and as against this there will be 55,767 Spaniards whose citizenship was in suspense when the census was taken, less the number who have since declared to preserve their Spanish citizenship and plus illiterate Spaniards, not declared, who are the owners of property. It is not believed that there will be any great number of the latter classes, as the total number of illiterate Spanish males over 21 years is only 17,426. The comparison shows a much greater preponderance of Cuban voters than was expected. There are 187,826 white adult males who were born in Cuba, as against 96,083 born in Spain; 6794 born in other countries and 127,300 colored.

The proportion of children under 5 years is unusually small, but the proportion under 21 is normal, being about half the population. Only 10 per cent of the adults were married. Nearly nine-tenths of the inhabitants were born in Cuba. Nine-tenths of the children less than 10 years of age do not attend school.

APPLETONS RESUME BUSINESS.

Publishing House Found to Be Entirely Solvent.

New York.—The house of D. Appleton & Co. has resumed publication of books, and it is thought that it will speedily be relieved from its financial embarrassment. The report of the reorganization committee has not yet been made, but it is known that its investigation, with that of J. Hampden Dougerty, the receiver, has shown that the firm is quite solvent. The greatest care was observed in the examination and appraisal of its assets, and after every possible allowance is made the house is shown to be upon a firm basis. According to the present plans the debts of the firm will be refunded and every dollar of indebtedness wiped out. The firm will be back in the old hands before many months. Rumors of consolidation with Harper & Brothers are denied.

Weight and condition come from the surplus nutrition of the food.

GOING HOME DISAPPOINTED.

Ex-Queen Lili, Hawaii's Former Ruler, Fails to Secure a Pension.

Washington.—Liliuokalani, the former Queen of Hawaii, is about to return to her native land. A victim of grip and disappointed at her failure to secure a pension from this Government, she takes a gloomy view of life. For the past month the ex-Queen has been making her own shroud. Hawaiians always prepare this garment with great care. To be buried in a robe bought or prepared by strangers is considered disgraceful.

The ex-Queen's shroud is of the heaviest white satin, lined with purple silk. Gold clasps, on which her coat of arms is engraved, fasten the garment at the throat. It is placed in a beautiful rose casket, and at present is being shown to all the Queen's friends who call. Liliuokalani will sail from San Francisco about the middle of May. She will go directly to her estates just outside of Honolulu. She says she will not put foot again on the soil of the United States proper, where she has been treated so unjustly.

Senator Hoar has promised to place her pension on the sundry civil bill, but the ex-Queen has lost all hope. She is 63 years old and has a private fortune yielding her an income of \$25,000, besides a fine estate and country palace. Queen Liliuokalani came to Washington a year ago accompanied by a retinue of attendants, and rented a furnished house in an aristocratic portion of the city. She has maintained a semi-court.

JAPS COMING BY THOUSANDS.

Port Townsend Collector of Customs Is Swamped.

Washington.—The influx of Japanese laborers at Pacific Coast ports is attracting the serious attention of the Treasury Department. In response to a telegram received from F. D. Heustis, Collector of Customs at Port Townsend, by Commissioner of Immigration Powderly, Heustis was instructed to employ three assistant inspectors to assist in the work of examining the Japanese now arriving. Heustis announced that 1000 Japs had already arrived, and 2200 more were en route to Port Townsend. The Treasury officials here are uncertain as to the reason for the sudden rush of Oriental laborers. It is suggested that the Japs are emigrating to avoid military service in case of war with Russia, but this reason is not considered sufficient. It is also suggested they have been attracted by the great amounts of work being done in the Northwest. In the past the Great Northern Railway has employed a large number of Japs in section work, but it is said they have not proved satisfactory and are being laid off. These facts add to the confusion in the minds of the Treasury officials.

Newspaper dispatches from the Pacific Coast have referred frequently to the use of "show" money by Japs for the purpose of deceiving the inspectors, which has caused the belief that they are coming over under labor contracts with Jap bosses who make a business of handling Oriental labor. Commissioner Powderly is satisfied that many Japs have gained admission on fraudulent showings, and has determined to check the evil if possible.

EUROPE HOSTILE TO AMERICA.

British Correspondent Who Warns Us Not to Receive the Boers.

London.—The Vienna correspondent of the Times says: The Boer peace commissioners will not be received either at Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg or Rome. It is well that the United States should know how the mission has fared in Europe and the temper of Europe toward the United States. The widespread hostility to the United States which is constantly manifested on the Continent is a factor to be reckoned with, as the United States will doubtless discover at the next renewal of commercial treaties.

The correspondent goes on at great length to argue that "the latent feeling of hostility toward the United States, though not of a serious character, is yet strong enough to make an opportunity of putting a spoke in America's wheel very welcome," and he adds that "on this account America will probably realize the desirability of maintaining a good understanding with England."

Boers Can Muster Eighty Thousand.

London.—The Lourenzo Marquez correspondent of the Times, says: "Information received from responsible sources shows that at one time the two republics had 105,000 men in the field, including the colonial rebels. According to the same informant they can still muster 80,000, of which 50,000 are in the Free State, 10,000 are in the Biggarsburg district and 15,000 in the district of Fourteen Streams and Klerksdorp. It is now believed that before war the burgher lists were deliberately falsified in order to deceive the British Intelligence Department."

Preparing to Retire Porto Rico Coin.

Washington.—The Treasury Department has completed the arrangements for the retirement of Porto Rican money and the substitution of American currency. James A. Sample, the chief of the issue division of Treasurer Roberts' office, and W. P. Watson of New York, an expert accountant, have been selected to go to Porto Rico to make the exchange.

Whitewashing Buildings.

Why don't more American people use whitewash on their outbuildings and fences? Is it because of its tendency to wash off? It is easily and very cheaply made and prevents the wood from decay; besides, how much cleaner and inviting the surroundings look after using. Here is a good recipe for making it. Put a half bushel of lime in a tight barrel. Pour over it boiling hot water to the depth of five inches. Stir very briskly until all well dissolved. Dissolve in water two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of good salt and add to the dissolved lime. This causes the whitewash to harden instead of cracking or peeling off. To make it cream color add three pounds of yellow ochre; pearl of lead color, add ivory black; fawn color, add four pounds of American umber. Turkish umber is the same, only costs more, also one pound of Indian red and one of common lamp black. For stone color add four pounds raw umber and two of common lamp black. Now try this, readers, and improve your surroundings.

Bone in the Warm Season.

Some persons are disposed to use green cut bone only in winter, but a small quantity fed once a day in spring and summer will greatly promote laying and be of much advantage to molting hens. The bone-cutter does not "grind" bones, but "cuts" those fresh from the butcher, and a pound of green cut bones, given at night to 20 fowls will cost but little and prove beneficial in promoting laying. For geese and ducks there is no food that will show better results, especially for those that are growing, as it supplies the elements of growth and thus prevents them from having leg weakness. Do not give too much, but use it moderately in connection with a variety of other foods.

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story of
Cyrus
Noble
whiskey.

age-
purity

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Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
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AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

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Wood and Coal. **††**

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,
South San Francisco, Cal.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM

Editor and Proprietor.

Europe's coal famine is a feast for American mine owners.

It is wrong to judge by appearances when the gun doesn't seem to be loaded.

There are 6,150,000 volumes in the libraries of American colleges—and the freshman generally knows it all.

The report of the death of Osman Pasha, like that of Mark Twain, seems to have been greatly exaggerated.

The evil that men do lives after them, but the ones who preach the funeral sermons are careful not to mention it.

Discussing the advisability of short engagements recalls that the summer girl brought them into vogue seasons ago.

Nineteen hundred is a year that can be divided by 4, but nevertheless mocks the fond longings of many an eager spinster.

The Dowager Empress persists in being reactionary for all she must know that so long as China wears the queue it will hang behind.

Pews of non-paying holders in a Ralene church were nailed up. It would be much better if the trustees had at the proper time nailed the pew-holders down.

A young lover in New Orleans paid \$120 to hear his sweetheart sing to him from Philadelphia over a telephone wire. At all events, he made his money go a long way.

There is a fiction that above the landing place at St. Helena is written the words of Dante's vision, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." It is not quite so bad as that, but it is bad enough.

A popular preacher has had his church wired so as to offer a sermon telephone service to all who wish to listen while enjoying the comfort and privacy of their homes. What would Cotton Mather say to that if he could come to life?

Miss Grace M. Dodge finds three faults in the business woman—she undercuts men in wages, she is not sufficiently thorough, and she eats cream puffs instead of beefsteak for luncheon. Any butcher will tell you that the last weakness is the worst.

At a legislative hearing on behalf of the insane poor, a physician recalled the fact that as late as 1839 the city of Boston kept its pauper lunatics in wooden cages, which rested on wheels and were rolled out of the almshouse on pleasant days, to give the wretches a little air and sunshine. When a new building was provided the patients were trundled into it in their cages. But Dr. Butler, the wise and humane superintendent, promptly set them free from conditions which might make a sane man crazy.

That there is much room for civil service reform in Turkey is newly emphasized by a recent experience there. An American traveler, wishing to mail a magazine, was told by a head postmaster that while a good Mussulman might mail it as a periodical for eight cents, a heretic would be charged book-post, 75 cents. Just outside the door a clerk whispered, "Do not mind him! He is an ass! Give me your paper, and I will send it off when he is not looking." While this was service, it could hardly be called civil, and surely there is need of reform.

Porto Rico's exportation of coffee is larger in volume than that of any of the other native products of the island, and according to Gen. Roy Stone much of the coffee is sold as genuine Mocha and Java. The average Porto Rican agriculturist, whatever his deprivations otherwise, is usually the possessor of a coffee-patch, which he cultivates and from which he secures a sufficiency of the berry to supply the needs of his family. He bakes the berries till black, and pounds them into powder in a mortar. The beverage resulting therefrom has the color of ink and the consistence of broth. Since the close of the war some of the natives have learned to prepare coffee for drinking purposes after the American fashion; but most of them practice the ways of their fathers.

Considering the number of times it has been "written up," it is singular that the peculiar swindle known as the "Spanish priest game" is still worked—or attempted—in this country. The priest, who is supposed to live in Madrid, writes some thrifty American citizen, telling of buried treasure or of a legacy left by a Spanish grandee to him, the American citizen. If the latter nibbles at the bait the next thing is a request for money for legal or other expenses. If the remittance be made the Madrid ecclesiastic is heard from no more. Of course there is no Spanish priest mixed up in the matter at all. The whole thing is the work of American swindlers who have a branch establishment in the Spanish capital, and the fact that they continue to attempt a swindle which has been exposed dozens of times is no tribute to their originality. That some people haven't heard of it, however, is evident from the fact that a seasoned Washington correspondent treats one

of the "priest's" letters quite seriously and a Western man of prominence is reported to be on the point of claiming a "legacy" left him by a hitherto unheard-of Spanish relative. The fools are still a numerous branch of the human family.

The present open door policy for marriage in America cannot exist much longer, writes Edward Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. The question must be met, and it should be met squarely. Any discussion of divorce is untimely; it is futile at the moment. It is grappling with the question at the wrong end. Whether divorce is right or wrong; whether there should be divorce at all, and on what grounds a decree of divorce should be granted—these are not the pressing questions of the hour. The whole matter of divorce does not begin to stand in such urgent need of discussion as does the question of the laws of marriage. When we adjust marriage as we should adjust it, then we can give our attention to divorce. And then we shall find that in adjusting the one we shall have come pretty close to the wisest and best adjustment of the other. The practical solution of both, in short, lies in the proper adjustment and rigid enforcement of laws which shall make marriage more difficult of accomplishment.

Bishop Fallows' parody, wherein he made man express a longing to be a "kicker" rather than an angel, contains a deeper note than appears to the superficial observer, says the Chicago Tribune. It is the cry of the age—the masculine cry—and one for which there is the hope of an earthly consummation. Man already stands with the "kickers," and it is natural that he should desire to be among them in the world to come. Moreover, the bishop's parody is a protest against the inanity of angels. It is not, as the author declares, that humankind feel that the wish to be an angel is a too modest expression of their souls' longing, but simply that the insipidity of angels, their cloying perfection and negative goodness, excite revolt rather than admiration. It is so in fiction, and the saintly Agnes in Dickens' "David Copperfield" richly merits the antipathy of a great critic like Saintsbury, who, when he chanced upon the assertion that "Agnes is perhaps the most charming character in the whole range of fiction," declared that no decent violence of expletive, no reasonable artifice of typography, could express the depths of his feeling. Modern readers do yawn over Agnes and over Amelia Sedley, and it was not the latter lady who received the tribute of a recent dramatization but her faulty friend, Becky Sharp. So it is well for man to recognize that his place is among—the protesters—and that nose-gears rather than crowns must become him.

Reports from correspondents lead the Minneapolis Journal to predict that 1900 will be the great year in the Northwest for immigration. Reports from the registers of the land office and from the land agents of the various railways traversing the section tell a story of unprecedented demand for land and a rapidly swelling tide of immigration. Thus homestead claims filed at the principal land offices in Minnesota and the Dakotas numbered 3,122 for the three months ending Feb. 28, 1900, as against 1,315 during the same period of the preceding year—an increase of 128 per cent. The winter months are the dullest of the year. The Great Northern Railway estimates that immigration will be 50 per cent larger than in 1899, when it was 60 per cent larger than the preceding year. From less than 200,000 persons in 1860 the four States of Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Montana increased to about 2,000,000 inhabitants in 1890, one of the most remarkable instances of rapid development on record. The figures in 1900 are difficult to estimate, but are not likely to be disappointing. This increase has been directly due to immigration, train after train load of people hastening to take up the lands the news of whose wonderful productivity had gone forth. The immigration of Easterners ceased in great measure about 1890, although the influx from northern Europe has continued unabated. Now the foreign immigration is greater than ever. A larger proportion than ever is going to the Northwest. Meanwhile the immigration from the East and middle West has revived. The Minneapolis Journal estimates that the number of immigrants of the present year will be in excess of 200,000. There is plenty of room in the Northwest, and the East and middle West are willing to contribute to its growth.

The Adjective.
A writer in Longman's Magazine says that everybody nowadays in prose or poetry claps on an adjective to every noun. It degrades the adjective and enervates the noun.

Then, too, there are a host of vulgar, overdone people introduced into our company, whom we, the old-fashioned adjectives, hardly recognize—"strenuous," "intense," "weird," "fiery," "sympathetic," "splendid," "secure," "malive," "impressive," "poignant," mostly attached, too, to the wrong nouns.

There are too many adjectives, and they carry too much sail, like Delilah, bedecked, ornate and gay.
I noticed, as an instance the other way, a criticism in a French review of the academician sea-captain who calls himself Pierre Loti, whose style is so defecated that he seldom or never uses an adjective more startling than "good," "bad," "green," "red," "dark," "light," and so on; and yet so orders his sentence that the adjective shines out like a rose on a briar-bush.

CHAT OF THE CHURCH

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

News Notes from All Lands Regarding Their Religious Thought and Movement—What the Great Denominations Are Doing.

Old Trinity Church, New York City, has attained to distinction in two widely divergent matters—in the honor of its territory; in the wealth of its corporation. What is written below concerns its corporate wealth. As a matter of history, the original church was opened for worship in 1697. This early church was maintained by the income from the "church farm," a royal grant from Queen Anne. Out of this income the Rev. William Vesey, first rector of Trinity Church, received a yearly salary of \$5,100. To-day that same "church farm" is valued at from \$9,000,000 to \$10,000,000, and its possession makes Trinity the wealthiest single church corporation in the United States. Out of its annual income of over \$500,000 the Rev. Morgan Dix receives a salary of \$25,000. This salary is more than double that of Bishop Potter of the diocese of New York, who receives but \$12,000. This large income is exhausted by many claims; the expenses of the church proper, the support of the chapels, the large yearly grants to twenty-four parishes, the payment of taxes and assessments, and the maintenance of the parochial schools and other parish charities. The rental from the "church farm" properly constitutes the main source of Trinity's income. The property is scattered widely throughout the city. Much of it, however, lies in the near vicinity of the church. It is rented for various purposes—for public buildings, stores and tenements. The year book of Trinity parish states that the parish "is systematically canvassed, and all cases where the ministrations of the church are needed are reported immediately to the rector."

Among the considerable drains on the Trinity income are the expenses of the church proper and the support of the chapels. Twenty-five thousand dollars goes, as above stated, for the salary of the Rev. Mr. Dix. Assisting Mr. Dix in the work of the church and its chapels are eight vicars and sixteen curates, and they receive each one from \$5,000 to \$10,000. The sextons of the church and the several chapels receive \$15,000, and each one is furnished with a deputy and an assistant. The music of the church costs much. The many choir boys receive, each one, from \$24 to \$100 yearly. The soloists, of whom there are eighteen, receive from \$200 to \$400. For the church itself there is a yearly musical appropriation of \$10,000; for each one of the seven chapels, \$7,500; making a total of over \$60,000. That the maintenance of excellent music in churches is right and admirable is conceded. The church has ever held music to be a softening influence on the hearts of the sinful; solace to all the penitent. A good work is carried on by Trinity in the matter of its schools. For the maintenance of parochial schools, the vestry yearly appropriates the sum of \$22,000; for the maintenance of night and industrial schools, \$5,000. Trinity hospital for the sick poor is maintained by the corporation at a yearly expense of \$9,000. The corporation also makes provision of \$3,000 for the support of seven beds in other hospitals. From the corporation income a yearly contribution of \$10,000 is made to the poor of \$6,000 is made. The whole yearly cost of the maintenance of charities within the parish, which are supported out of the corporation income, averages \$50,000; for charities without the parish, \$30,000—a total of \$80,000.—New York Verdict.

Near the Dawn.
When life's troubles gather darkly
Round the way we follow here,
When no hope the sad heart lightens,
No voice speaks a word of cheer;
Then the thought the shadow scatters,
Giving us a cheering ray—
When the night appears the darkest,
Morning is not far away.

When adversity surrounds us,
And our sunshine friends pass by,
And the dreams so fondly cherished
With our scattered treasures lie;
Then amid such gloomy seasons
This sweet thought can yet be drawn—
When the darkest hour is present,
It is always near the dawn.

When the spirit fluttering lingers
On the confines of this life,
Parting from all joyful memories,
And from every scene of strife,
Though the scene is sad and gloomy,
And the body shrinks in fear,
These dark hours will soon be vanished,
And the glorious morn be here.

Pain cannot affect us always,
Brighter days will soon be here;
Sorrow may oppress us often,
Yet a happier time is near;
All along our earthly journey
This reflection lights the day,
Nature's darkest hour is always
Just before the break of day.

What God Did for Him.
"Mike" Reilly has told the story of his conversion to hundreds of our railroad men, and while his education is very limited, there are many things he knows which are not to be sacrificed for all the knowledge in the world. Converted when past 50 years of age, not knowing how to read or write and so low that the police of New York thought him too far gone with drink to be ever reformed, selling the very shoes from off his feet on a cold day for rum, sleeping in hallways, old wagons and anywhere he could get shelter, taking some old bread from an ash barrel, just the day before being born again, to keep from starving, having lost mon-

ey, friends, family, character, reputation and all, he was reached and won by the simple story of God's love and power to save to the uttermost all that will come to Him.

We trust the seed sown will bring forth fruit, and that every man who heard him and who himself is bound down by some sin, will seek the same Savior.

Mr. Long's Hymn.

The administration at Washington has two poets in its cabinet. Both John Hay, Secretary of State, and John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, write verse. Both these men have especial talent for hymn writing. The hymn written by John Hay for the National Christian Endeavor at its Washington meeting a year or so ago will live when "Little Breeches" and other literary work of his is forgotten. Mr. Long's recent hymn promises to become a classic:

I would, dear Jesus, I could break
The hedge that creeds and hearsay make;
And, like thy first disciples, be
In person led and taught by thee.

I read thy words so strong, so sweet;
I seek the footprints of thy feet;
But men so mystify the trace,
I long to see thee face to face.

Wouldst thou not let me at thy side,
In thee, in thee so sure confide?
Like John, upon thy breast recline,
And feel thy heart make mine divine?

Hadn't Time to Think of His Soul.

An American Mother, writing in the Ladies' Home Journal on "Have Women Robbed Men of Their Religion?" uses this anecdote in illustration of how men of to-day are neglectful of the welfare of their own souls: "After a revival in a village near Philadelphia a dozen young converts met regularly to compare their spiritual condition. Sam B—, a sickly lad, was conspicuously the most zealous among them. He could not make sure of his salvation. He prayed and agonized, and bemoaned his sins incessantly. A sudden death threw a sawmill, a widowed sister and her five penniless children on Sam's hands. He came no more to the conference."

"Sam," said one of his friends one day, "how is it with you now? Are your calling and election sure?"

"I hope so, I'm sure," said Sam. "But I've got my work to do now. I haven't any time to think of my soul."

Why He Was Set Free.

A German prince, traveling through France, visited the galleys at Toulon. The commandant, as a compliment to his rank, offered to set at liberty any slave whom he selected. The prince went round the prison and conversed with the prisoners. He asked each the cause of his being there, and met only with tales of injustice and false accusation. At last he came to one man who admitted his imprisonment to be just. "My lord," said he, "I have no reason to complain. I have been a wicked wretch, and deserve all my sufferings, and more." The prince at once selected him, and he was set free. If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.

This Story Has a Good Moral.

Here is the latest story of the man who is too stingy to take his home paper: A man who was too economical to take this paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a \$4 stand of bees, and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and falling to notice a barbed-wire fence ran into that, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy and ruining a \$4 pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got into the corn field and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the wife ran, upset a four-gallon churn full of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. In the hurry she dropped a \$7 set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled milk into the parlor, ruining a brand-new \$20 carpet. During the excitement the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man; the dog broke up eleven setting hens and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts.—Kansas City Journal.

Cloth Is Now Made Fireproof.

No elaborate statistics are necessary to prove that many fires might be prevented if carpets, curtains, draperies and clothing were noncombustible. This is precisely what a firm of German manufacturers proposes to bring about. After several years of experimenting they announce the discovery of a chemical treatment that will render any fabric of cotton, linen, wool or fiber fireproof. The process is cheap and adds but little to the weight of the article treated. It may readily be seen that this discovery will be valuable for securing the better safety of hotels by treating carpets, curtains and inside wood work; of advantage for coverings of explosives and in a multitude of other ways. It is not improbable a way may be found to make it waterproof. In any event it must be regarded as an important achievement and as opening a prospect for the greater security of property.

A Very Trifling Incident.

A clergyman was called upon to perform a marriage ceremony for a couple in middle life.

"Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the bridegroom.

"No, sir."

"Have you?"—to the bride.

"Well, yes, I have," replied the bride laconically; "but it was twenty years ago, and he was killed in an accident when we'd been married only a week, so it really isn't worth mentioning."

San Francisco Wave.



Rearing Ducks for Market.

There are several kinds of ducks reared for market, but it is the most profitable one which should be chosen. Fancy often stands in the way of this matter of profit. The poultry keeper is too apt to look at his fowls through the spectacles of fancy, and if his birds please his fancy, he has plenty of excuses to make for defects. But this is not business, and when it is the money coming in which is left to tell the story, the tale is quite different. As regards ducks, especially, there is a great difference in the kind and breed. Kind is distinguished from breed here for the reason that there are many kinds, good, bad, and indifferent, and shades between, of every breed; and sometimes it is true that a breed gains or suffers through the management. But figures won't lie, unless they are forced to by too much pressure. And honest figures prove distinctly that there are ducks which surpass others in relation to breed. Fancy goes a long way, and so each country seems to



PRIZE PEKIN DRAKE.

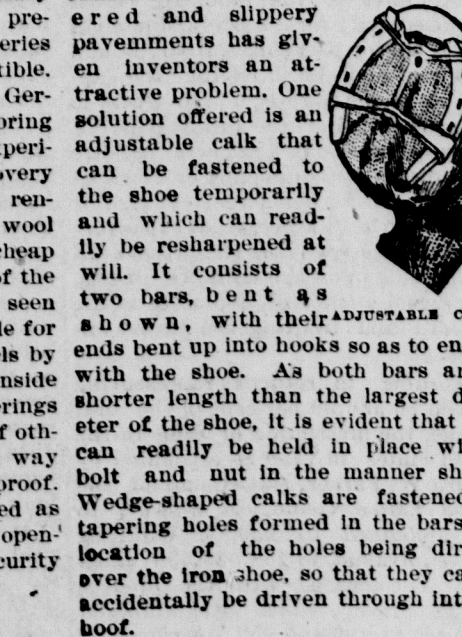
have its best variety. The English choose the Aylesbury, the French the Rouen, but on this continent, having no special national bird, we choose that which makes the most money. And by the general verdict of those who keep ducks for profit in large quantities, the Pekin is the best of all breeds for money-making. Experience has shown that this duck makes ten to twelve pounds the pair at the same age at which the Rouen duck weighs eight pounds to the pair, which under the best management is when ten to twelve weeks old, and with precisely the same consumption of food. This duck is sufficiently strong-skinned to dress without tearing, and has no dark pinfeathers to blemish its appearance at the market age as the Rouen has. On every large duck farm where thousands are reared every year for market, the Pekin is universally the kind kept.

Eggs for Hatching.

Eggs for hatching should be gathered almost every hour during the day, says a poultry writer in the Homestead. When the egg is laid it is in its highest state of freshness. If left in the nest and one hen after another permitted to sit upon it the heat will start incubation, and if it is exposed to lower temperature afterward, the germ is killed and the egg decays. This is one cause of so many spoiled eggs that is not generally known or heeded by poultrymen. If the weather is cold they should be gathered often to prevent them chilling. The cold may not be so much as to actually freeze an egg, but it may be cold enough to chill it so it will not hatch. An egg is not frozen so as to crack the shell until the thermometer reaches 10 to 15 degrees, which is a point lower than should be reached in any poultry house. After the eggs have been gathered they should be kept at about a temperature of 60 degrees and never be subjected to any lower temperature than about 40 for safety.

Keeps Horse from Slipping.

The necessity of keeping a horse's shoes sharpened in winter weather to enable him to keep his feet on ice-covered pavements has given



inventors an attractive problem. One solution offered is an adjustable calk that can be fastened to the shoe temporarily and which can readily be resharpened at will. It consists of two bars, bent as shown, with their adjustable calks ends bent up into hooks so as to engage with the shoe. As both bars are of shorter length than the largest diameter of the shoe, it is evident that they can readily be held in place with a bolt and nut in the manner shown. Wedge-shaped calks are fastened in tapering holes formed in the bars, the location of the holes being directly over the iron shoe, so that they cannot accidentally be driven through into the hoof.

Packers in Poultry Business.

The poultry trade views with alarm the giant strides made by the big packing firms, meaning the Swift and Armour companies, toward control of what has been for many years a profitable business. These concerns have for a year or more been making large additions to the capacity of their poultry packing plants, and, further than this, they are represented to be now reaching out for mastery over the chicken producing territories of Kansas, Missouri, Illinois and the North-

west. The margin of profits in the poultry-packing business has been good for those who operate on a comparatively small scale, and it is no wonder that these two big packing firms should undertake to monopolize a field for which they have exceptional facilities in matters of transportation, storing and market-reaching.

Cut Feed for Working Horses.

While the horse is kept during winter mostly in the stable whole oats are probably better feed for him than meal, says The American Cultivator. The hulls of the oats, as farmers say, "tickle his insides" and increase the activity of his digestion. Some oats may pass through undigested, but unless the horse is old and has lost his teeth this loss may be overlooked. Anyway the fowls will get them. After 8 years of age horses should be fed cut hay moistened and with meal on it. But any horse that is hard at work every day should have his grain in meal and on cut hay. The meal is chewed with the cut hay just as oats would be. It is well mixed with saliva when it enters the horse's small stomach and passes into the intestines. So it does the greatest good possible for the nutrition it contains. All old farmers say that horses will stand hard work better on cut feed than on either whole grain or meal.

Early Plants for the Garden.

Those who have an incubator brooder may have a green house on a small but effective scale. Dig a hole in the ground large enough to admit the brooder in some sunny sheltered spot, bank pit on north side eighteen inches high and have a tight wood or canvas cover for use at night and stormy weather. The brooder is placed in this pit and the opening to the sun is closed. Three inches of good garden soil is placed in the brooder. The seeds are planted in this soil and the proper temperature maintained by means of the boiler heated by lamp. A thermometer will be used to test the heat. One can raise their early garden plants in this way with but little expense and less labor than the old-fashioned method of planting seeds in boxes placed in the kitchen.

Shire Mare.

The Shire mare Hendre Crown Princess was sold by Lord Wantage, a few weeks ago, at public auction in England for \$5,500, a phenomenal price for a draft mare. She was got by Prince Harold, one of the most promising breeding horses in England, and her



HENDRE CROWN PRINCESS.

dam is by President. Her list of honors won in the show-ring is a long one and includes first prize and gold medal at the Royal Show held at Birmingham. She was brought out in great bloom the day she was sold and elicited the keenest competition.

Cost of Fattening Cattle.

A fat steer of 1,000 pounds weight is said to have in it 500 pounds of water, about twenty-five pounds of nitrogen, eighteen pounds of phosphoric acid and two pounds of potash. To buy this nitrogen to return to the soil it would cost about \$3.50, and the phosphoric acid would cost about \$1. In selling such an animal raised on the farm and farm products about \$4.50 worth of fertilizing material is taken. If bran, linseed meal or other grain is bought to feed it, more than this would probably be added to the farm, and it would be growing richer, while if the hay and grain it consumed had been sold off the farm, it would have been robbed of much more.—American Cultivator.

How to Locate Henhouses.

Poultry houses should not be located on the north side of a clump of evergreen trees or to the north of buildings that will shut off the supply of sunshine in the winter time. Sunshine should be present at all times of the day; its salutary effect will be remarkable. In the summer time the fowls naturally get all the sunshine they want without our help, but at this time of year we must give them our help. Sunshine will keep the air dry, and will, to some extent, neutralize the moisture constantly being thrown off from the lungs of the fowls. A few good-sized windows on the south side will prove of immense value.—Farmers' Review.

Lime on Onions.

Lime is excellent on the onion bed, as it assists in destroying worms. It will also serve to make the manure more available. The onion seems to grow on the top of the ground entirely, but it sends out roots far and deep, and is one of the heaviest feeders of the soil known. The land can not be too rich for onions.

Stick to One Grade of Wool.

It pays better to keep a flock of sheep with the wool as near one kind of grade as possible—that is, a Shropshire ram should not be used one year, a Lincoln the next, a Leicester the next, and so on until the flock is mixed up with a little of everything.—John Jackson.

MY SECRET.

When first assurance came to me
That thy dear heart was mine,
I wandered forth upon the sea
Alone, lest all the world should see,
My secret so divine.

But ah, the world has passed me by,
Nor read the secret, dear;
The poor old world, so dim of eye,
So dull of ear, 'twere vain to try
To make my feelings clear,
To those who cannot know as I
Thy heart when love draws near.
—New York Home Journal.

A SAILOR'S LOVE.



HE Gray Eagle went on her course, parting the waves of the Indian Ocean. She was a packet steamer in the employ of a great English company, and carried many passengers. Among these, standing on the promenade deck

forward and looking across the broad expanse of water before her, was a beautiful girl, in the flush of her youth and beauty.

In the wheelhouse stood a young man, second mate of the ship, looking at Mabel Vane. He was young, with a bold, manly face, curling brown hair and beard and speaking gray eyes—a man, in grace of person, manly beauty and pure heart—a man worthy of the name. He was only a sailor, and had risen to his present rank from cabin boy, but yet he dared to love the daughter of the East Indian millionaire, Arthur Vane.

He loved her and had no hope—loved her as we worship a star which is far beyond our reach. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to insult her by telling her that he loved her; but to be near her, to see her often, per-



"GO BACK, YOU FOOLS!"

haps to do some service which would win a smile from her—that was reward enough for Will Clay.

She never dreamed of his adoration; and he had heard her say among her friends that she liked him better than any other officer on board the Gray Eagle. She said it in the careless way of girlhood, and yet he treasured it in his heart. Standing there, watching the course of the ship and ready to give a word of warning to the wheelman if it were needed, he never took his eyes from her long.

"Mr. Clay," said the man at the wheel as he gave it a half turn and rested there, "don't you smell smoke?"

"It comes from the galley."

"Perhaps so, but what are they burning rosin in the galley for?"

"Rosin," cried Will, raising his head quickly and sniffing the air. He caught the peculiar smell himself and leaped down from the wheelhouse. "Keep steady," he whispered to the man at the wheel. "There may be danger, but if there is, for God's sake, keep it quiet."

The man nodded quietly and took a firmer hold on the wheel. Will Clay crossed the deck without apparent haste, and yet with a fearful fear tugging at his heart. He caught sight of the captain coming out of the gentlemen's cabin and hurried up to him.

"There is something wrong," he whispered. "Don't you smell burning rosin, captain?"

The old sea captain suppressed a cry of horror. With fifty passengers on board, in the midst of the Indian Ocean, far from land, a fire was one of the most horrible things which could come upon a ship.

"Go forward and investigate," he said, in a low tone. "If you find that it is a fire, you know what to do. How are the boats?"

"All right, sir; you may trust to them."

They had good cause for fear. The entire forehold was filled with rosin, in boxes and casks, and if a fire started there it might as well be in a nest of fat jine. Will ran down to the lower deck, where he was met by a crowd of excited firemen and coal passers, who were rushing madly on deck. Quick as thought he seized the foremost and hurried him back.

"Go back, you fools!" he cried. "Where are you running to?"

"Fire!" whispered the man hoarsely. "Fire in the forehold."

"Suppose there is. Is it your duty to rush on deck and alarm the passengers, or get buckets and try to put out the fire? Back, there, all of you, for I will join the man who dares to flinch a hair now! Stand back, I say!"

The men cowed before his superior

NUNS WHO NEVER SPEAK.

In the heart of the Pyrenees, near the city of Bayonne, though without the range of its vision, lies secluded the strangest convent in the world, the convent of the Bernardines, followers of the patron St. Bernard. The votaries who enter there spend their lives in an unending silence contemplating death and its sequel. They never speak a word to each other or to a living soul except at confessional, and they engage themselves by digging graves and studying skulls and otherwise concentrating their minds upon the theme of death. Yet great as are the hardships they suffer they probably



SISTERS OF BERNARDINES DIGGING GRAVES.

house more distinguished persons than any other order on the continent of Europe. There are many princesses and countesses among them, many of the royal blood. Indeed, it is believed nearly all are of high degree.

The convent migrated nearly a hundred years ago. It was started by several distinguished ladies, who, scorned the world and all of its pomp, withdrew to the solitude of the hills. With their own hands they built a few cabins, wherein the only furnishings were a board and a straw pillow for each to sleep on, and the only decorations skulls and crossbones.

The fame of these holy women spreading throughout the country, applications to join them were numerous, so that in time quite a little group of cabins was visible on the hillside. Each person entering was required to have enough of a fortune to support herself in this fashion for the rest of her days, for no bread-winning was allowed among the Bernardines. They were there to meditate, to pray, to adore and to glorify God, and to atone in some measure by excessive mortification for the sins of the world. As

will and saw that they might yet do something to save the steamer.

A guard was placed at the hatch, so that no one could come down, and the scuttle which led into the forehold was opened. No sooner was this done than a dense volume of black smoke rolled out, and the scuttle was closed again, for Will saw that nothing could be done in that way. The men ran forward with axes, but had scarcely gone a dozen steps when they felt the deck tremble under their feet and saw small jets of flame shooting up through the planks. A moment more and there was a sort of explosion, and the red flames leaped up suddenly and caught the planks above.

There was no hope of concealing the danger from the passengers now, for the steamer was full of smoke, and wild cries from the deck announced that the danger was known. They must face the most terrible situation known to the sea—the one of all others the most feared—fire! Women shrieked and fainted, strong men trembled and could not move hand or foot, and others ran wildly about the decks rendering no assistance. Mabel Vane, utterly bewildered by the sudden horror, felt a strong hand clutch her arm, and saw Will Clay, blackened by smoke and singed by flame.

"Go aft!" he said, hoarsely. "Stand on the port quarter and wait for me, and I will save you or die trying. Obey me, girl; I am your master now."

She looked at him in mute wonder and obeyed him in silence. He sprang away and began to fight the fire as he could, aided by the officers and crew and some few of the passengers who kept their heads. Among these was Arthur Vane, a handsome old gentleman, with an engaging face.

"You are a man, William Clay," he said, as the two hurried the contents of a greater water cask down the open hatch. "If we ever escape the company shall know that they have a man in their employment. If we don't, it is all the same. Have you seen my daughter?"

"I sent her aft just now, and told her that I would save her or lose my life. And I'll do it, too, because I love her."

"Love her—you?"

"Just now you said I was a man," said Will quietly. "Lay hold on that cask, you. What are you shirking for? Can't we talk and work, too?"

A strange smile came over the face of the old merchant and they hurried the cask into the water and assisted the man working at the fall in raising it.

"Don't think I'm a fool, Mr. Vane," said Will. "If I lived a thousand years and saw her every day I wouldn't tell her as much as I've told you. And what's more, you wouldn't have heard me say it if it had not come out before I thought."

Mr. Vane said not a word, and Will Clay was silent. They worked hard to save the steamer, but the flames gained upon them inch by inch, and drove them aft.

their only diet was bread and water the entrance fee was not exorbitant. The primitive cabins of the Bernardines yet exist and are yet occupied, although a more imposing edifice has grown up around them.

At every few steps in the convent hangs some inscription in huge black letters which contains the word "Death." It is impossible to forget for one moment one's inevitable destiny. "Are you prepared? This hour may be your last. Reflect on death!" is a sample of the inscriptions. Another one that I noticed was to this effect: "That you may not sin because you have beautiful hair, cut it off. Beautiful eyes and a beautiful face have caused much sin. Detest them, and think about Death."

The nuns' cemetery is within the convent enclosures and is the favorite resort of the Bernardines. Here they promenade, praying for the dead, and at 4 o'clock every day each one digs a shovelful of earth from her own grave. As the Bernardines are vowed never to speak a word, the Servants of Mary attend to all of their necessities for them.

"Give it up, captain," whispered Will. "Get out the boats and provision them. Take time for all you want, and we will fight the fire."

The sailors worked with a will until they saw the boats drawing up to the gangway and the passengers taking places, when they left their work, and sprang for the boats. The passengers made a rush at the same moment, but as they neared the gangway they met Will Clay, a pistol in each hand, and his eyes flashing fire.

"Stand back there!" he cried. "Do you call yourselves men? Do you want to swamp the boats, and spoil your only chance?"

"Get out of the way!" hissed a gigantic Swede, raising his heavy hand. "Out of the way or I will crush you with a single blow."

A pistol cracked and the man fell back, shot through the shoulder. The crowd recoiled before this determined young man, for even in an hour like this men fear sudden death.

"Keep back, I say!" repeated the young man. "Pass along those ladies first, for they go in the first boat."

The order was promptly obeyed, and then six of the crew, called out by name, went into the boat and pulled it away from the gangway, under command of the first mate. Boat after boat pulled up to the gangway, received its load and pulled away. There was no more rushing, for there was death in the eyes of the young man and the captain, who had taken his place by his side.

"My daughter is not in the boats, young man," said Arthur Vane hoarsely.

"Miss Vane," cried Will, "you can come now."

Mabel, who had been standing apart, hurried forward. Mr. Vane stepped into the boat, and the last of the crew followed. Then a panic seemed to seize them and they pushed off, leaving the captain and the mate upon the doomed steamer, as long tongues of flame leaped out toward the boat. Through this fiery barrier the two men dashed and were seen striking out for the boat.

"Stop!" cried Mr. Vane. "You have left the captain and Mr. Clay."

The men looked at him fiercely, but the steady eye of the old man awed them, and the two were helped into the boat, the captain supported by the strong arm of his gallant mate. The boats pulled away together, while the columns of flame which shot into the air announced the fate of the Gray Eagle. They reached the islands safely after a week had passed.

There is a young man who sails a steamer from London to Alexandria, whose name is Will Clay, and he is married. The name of his wife is Mabel, for Arthur Vane, having "found a man," knew how to make him all his own.—Exchange.

When a baby cries it never sheds sufficient tears to drown the noise.

HER SECRET WEAPON.

WOMAN FAVORS POISON FOR COMMITTING MURDER.

Two Famous Cases of the Past Few Months, Those of Mrs. Botkin and Molineux—Other Disciples of Lucretia Borgia and Their Fate.

The art of doing away with one's enemy without spilling his blood has been more or less assiduously cultivated at every age of the world, and those most susceptible to its unholy fascination have been women. So much is indisputable. But it may have been supposed, not only that this unpleasant pastime had grown obsolete, but that women had grown too refined and lovely to engage in it. It is just as well, then, to call attention to the fact that cases of poisoning have increased with alarming frequency during the past year, and that in almost every one the motive has been traced to a woman's mind and the deed itself to a woman's hand.

Why this epidemic should have occurred during the last year is due, say these scientists, to the influence of the two famous poison cases of the year, those popularly referred to as the "Botkin case" and the "Molineux case."

Millions of women read the thwarted romance of poor, middle-aged Mrs. Cordelia Botkin, who loved John Dunning so much that she could not suffer the presence of his wife in the world, and hoped to gain happiness for herself by putting this unloving wife out of the way. These same women read of the method Mrs. Botkin chose. It had to be poison, of course. Poison is the woman's weapon, and has been since savage women centuries ago first learned that one wild herb gave health and another dealt death. She walked into one San Francisco shop and bought arsenic and into another and bought choco-

lates, mixed the two, and sent them, anonymously, in the most amiable guise imaginable, to Mrs. Dunning, who lived away across the continent in Delaware. Mrs. Dunning and her sister ate the candy and died. Mrs. Botkin was accused, tried and found guilty, and is now bitterly repenting in the jail where she is serving a life sentence.

Most of the women who read about this were presumably healthy minded and saw no suggestion for misdoing in the story of the woman whom they pitied or condemned or despised according as they learned to look at life. But in one woman out of many perhaps the microbe of criminal suggestion found a resting place and threw and multiplied till she, too, fell to dwelling on the hatefulness of her enemy's existence and wondering if she could be just a little cleverer than Mrs. Botkin was. Which explains, in a simple way, the contagion of crime.

Very likely the case of the mysterious deaths of Mrs. Kate Adams and Henry C. Barnett, which the public has learned to associate with the name of Molineux—and, by association, with the beautiful and gifted woman who was formerly Miss Blanche Chesebrough—have exerted a far greater influence than the Botkin case. This is because the crimes have become more famous and were far more cleverly contrived. The simplest-minded must have inferred from all this that it is comparatively a simple matter to murder and evade the law if one chooses one's weapon.

In order to trace back for a few years the poison epidemic among women these examples will suffice.

Mrs. Florence Maybrick, who attended her husband during his last illness and whose love for another man was proved, was tried in Liverpool, England, in 1889 on the charge of having murdered her husband by arsenic. She was found guilty and given a life sentence.

Mrs. Helen F. Moore, when accused of the murder of her husband in Springfield, Mass., in 1890, was faced by circumstantial evidence. It was brought out that her first husband had died as mysteriously as her last. She was accused of poisoning him to get his life insurance, but, being a woman, she won the sympathy of the jury and was acquitted.

It was probably Mamie Starr's beauty that saved her from being executed in Chicago in 1890. In an angry passion she administered poison to her employers, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Newland, killing them both. She was sentenced to prison for life.

Mrs. Matt Wimple died in Rome, Ga., in 1890. There was strong circumstantial evidence to prove that Mrs. Ora McKee, her next door neighbor, who owed Mrs. Wimple several hundred dollars, had poisoned her. Mrs. McKee, a good-looking young woman of an excellent family, was acquitted.

Ella Holdridge thought a number of young girls with whom she played would "look well dead," so she said at her trial on the charge of the murder of several of her schoolmates. She admitted poisoning them, but the jury didn't see fit to punish her. These murders were committed in Buffalo in 1892.

When John F. Shann, Jr., of Princeton, was murdered with poison in Newark, in 1893, Mrs. Mary Shann, his mother, was accused of the crime. When the jury brought in a verdict acquitting her her own attorneys expressed surprise.

Marie Joniaux, known as the "Belgian poisoner," shocked the civilized world. She was convicted of the murder of three near relatives, but escaped with imprisonment for life on account of her sex. This was in 1895.

In the same year Mrs. Alice A. L. Fleming, of New York, was accused of having murdered her mother, Mrs.

Bliss, by sending her poisoned clam chowder. After a long and sensational trial she was acquitted.

Singing Canaries.

In the canary breeding establishments of Germany only the male birds are valued, because the females never sing. The method of training the birds to sing is to put them in a room where there is an automatic whistle, which they all strive to imitate. The breeder listens to the efforts of the birds, and picks out the most apt pupils, which are then placed in another room for further instructions. These are the best singers, and ultimately fetch high prices. The less gifted birds are sorted into second and third quality, and are sold, while those which show no vocal powers are destroyed. German canaries are exported to all parts of Europe, to America, and even to Australia, and command higher prices than those bred in other lands because they are the best singers, for among breeders of other nations more attention is given to form and color, comparatively little care being taken to cultivate song.



Massachusetts talks of making Daniel Webster's homestead by the sea and the old Pilgrim graveyard where he is buried a State park and memorial.

There is a movement on foot among the influential colored people of Louisville to establish a savings bank, possibly with an insurance feature in connection with it, for the benefit of the negroes of the State.

Japan's new gold fields are beginning to attract considerable attention. They were only recently discovered, so far as at present defined, and embrace a territory of about 650 square miles. The gold is found in small streams and rivers rising in the mountains and it is obtained in the most primitive manner by washing the sand.

It is worth noting that while, as shown by official figures the number of labor strikes in the State of New York during the year 1899 was in excess of those of the preceding year and higher than for any year since 1891, the cause of more than half of them was difference of opinion as to the interpretation to be put on the eight-hour law enacted by the last Legislature.

A Boston cemetery company has decided to exclude automobiles from its burying ground lest the horseless vehicles should cause runaways, which might create havoc among the tombstones and monuments. There are many costly monuments in the cemetery, and as these are insured by the company a runaway accident might result in a serious financial loss.

In the laundry of an insane asylum at Pontiac, Mich., electric irons instead of gas irons have proved to be peculiarly adapted for insane asylum service where most of the work is done by the patients. There is no chance of their setting anything on fire with the irons and as the irons are kept at an even temperature they do not require the exercise of judgment in changing them.

An American woman living in Manila writes that the two greatest deprivations that she and her American friends have to undergo are fresh fruit and sweet milk. There is no berry of any sort to be had and no small fruit. There are plenty of bananas, but they have an insipid taste. Condensed milk is used exclusively by the American colony. Most of the vegetables that they use are canned.

One of the most celebrated of the Alpine guides, Jean Payot, died at Chamounix not long ago in his ninety-fourth year. He was one of the best known of all his class and had piloted many distinguished persons up the Alps. He was the last survivor of the companions of Jacques Balmat, who was the first to reach the summit of Mont Blanc, and who perished in the Glaciers de Sixt in 1834.

The fine marksmanship of the Boers is attested by the fact that of the 305 men wounded by them in the battle of the Tugela in December 194, or more than half, were hit in the extremities, for which soldiers usually aim. All but eight were struck with Mauser bullets, the wounds, according to the British surgeons, being "humane in the extreme." Twenty-six were hit about the head and twenty in the body.

The other evening the electric lights of Juanita, Cal., failed and the next morning three suits were instituted against the corporation. According to the lawyer for one of the plaintiffs "the parlor was at the time filled by guests at a children's party, many of whom made use of the opportunity for illicit kissing and romping, which resulted in the destruction of costly ornaments and was harmful to the moral welfare of those present."

The condition of the negro in Washington has been made the subject of investigation by John W. Ross, who for twelve years has been one of the district commissioners. In the district government as officials, clerks and messengers are fifty negroes, receiving annual salaries aggregating \$28,000. There are forty negroes on the police force in various capacities drawing \$31,400 a year, while there are 500 negro men and women in the school system as teachers, whose yearly pay is \$290,000. These, with the negroes in various public institutions and the water, street and sewer departments, bring the total up to 2,600, drawing an annual compensation of about \$1,000,000.

"SALAMANDERS."

Curious Little Rodents Found in the Southern "Piney Woods."

In many places in the extreme Southern States, especially in what are locally known as the "piney woods," one of the most notable features are the constantly recurring mounds of yellow sand which everywhere dot and, it must be confessed, disfigure the monotonous landscape, says Popular Science Monthly. These piles of earth are usually nearly circular in form, fairly symmetrical in contour, from six inches to two feet in diameter and, save where they have been beaten down by rain or winds or the trampling of cattle, about half as high as they are broad. Often these sand heaps are pretty evenly distributed, sometimes so thickly as to cover at least one-fourth of the soil surface. If you ask a native the cause of this singular phenomenon, which you will perhaps at first be disposed to consider a kind of areneous eruption which has somehow broken out on the face of nature, your informant will contentiously reply "Salamanders!"

All this disfigurement is, indeed, the work of a curious little rodent, popularly so named and about the size and color of an ordinary rat. He is never seen above ground if he can possibly help it. He digs innumerable branching underground tunnels at depths varying from one to six feet, and these mounds of sand are simply the "dump heads" which, in his engineering operations, he finds it necessary to make.

After carrying the excavated earth to the surface this cautious little miner takes the greatest pains to cover up his tracks. No opening into his burrow is left. How he manages to so carefully smooth over his little sand mound and then literally "pull the hole in after him," is as yet unexplained.

A Man of System.

A newspaper man of some celebrity as a disciplinarian was noted about his office for the extreme disorder of his own desk. Though insisting upon methodical habits on the part of his employees, he gave his own pigeonholes a cleaning out and sorting over only once a year, and his regular time for doing this, oddly enough, was Washington's birthday.

It happened one year, nevertheless, that he forgot to perform this task at the proper time, and a friend who happened in at his office on the morning of Feb. 23 was surprised at finding him surrounded by his usual hopeless litter of letters and papers.

"How does this happen, Mr. —?" he asked.

"Forgot it," shortly answered the editor.

"Well, you're going to clean things up to-day, aren't you?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "That job goes over, under the rules, for another year. You don't suppose I am going to set an example of irregularity to the boys, do you? Not much!"

And he cleared away a space on his desk and began writing an editorial on the tariff.

Has Lost Faith in Booker T.

Not long ago, when Booker T. Washington was in Chicago, he stopped for a day at one of the hotels. He was pointed out to William, an old waiter who has been at the hotel for a long time. William was delighted to get a glimpse of the great man of his race, and was never tired of telling about it after that. One of the regular boarders is a staunch friend of William and a liberal tipper.

"William," said the boarder next morning, putting on a serious face, "I met Mr. Washington yesterday and I asked him what he thought of tipping. He is opposed to it."

The boarder stood with his hand insinuatingly in his change pocket. William's face fell and settled into despairing gloom.

"Well, boss," the waiter said, shaking his head emphatically, "if dat is de position ob Mistah Washington I se anafabily opposed to it."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Got the Rats Drunk.

Rats in large numbers had been destroying wheat, corn and other grains on the farm of Patrick Ryan, near Cumberland, Md. Traps, shooting, poison and other devices for getting rid of them failed. Then Mr. Ryan hit upon the novel plan of getting them drunk. He secured a large barrel and placed corn in it, well soaked with whisky. This the rats ate rapidly and when Mr. Ryan went to the barrel the next morning he found eighty-five intoxicated rats, which he soon killed.

"Betwixt and Between."

This whimsical anecdote from Fillegende Blaetter suggests that even the "middle class," the strength of any nation, may have grievances:

Doctor—You ought to take that child into the country for several weeks every summer.

Mother—Oh, doctor, I'm sorry to say we are not rich enough.

Doctor—Well, then, have her sent by a fresh-air fund.

Mother—But, doctor, we're not poor enough!

No Longer Fashionable.

Chrysanthemums are going out of fashion in England. One society for raising the flowers, after having had ten prosperous years, has been obliged to wind up its affairs owing to the bad business of the last two years.

Cowbells.

It is said that cowbells are produced only in four factories in the United States, and are made just the same as they were 100 years ago, and sound the same. There are ten sizes.

Lots of people spoil their memory by overloading it with facts that are not in their line.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1900.

In the close vote on the Quay case in the U. S. Senate, the political equilibrium was maintained by California, Senator Quay voting for and Senator Bard against Quay.

Senator Morgan's overwhelming victory in Alabama is an index to the drift of public opinion in Dixie Land. Morgan is a stalwart in politics. His Americanism is of the virile brand. He is an expansionist and not afraid to say so. Col. William Jennings Bryan will do well to make a note of Alabama politics.

The Butler brick yard has apparently succumbed to the wiles of a combination and, according to rumor, will remain closed. The Morning Chronicle publishes a statement that the Stockton combine, with Remillard at the head, has bought up quite a number of brick yards for the sole purpose of keeping them closed, while they concentrate on their main yards, and in this way control the price of brick. It would not be surprising if our big city contractors take a hand in the game and open yards of their own, and in this connection we would like to suggest that the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has extensive clay banks accessible both by rail and water, which we are sure could be leased on very reasonable terms.

In resolving that the Republican voters are not to be trusted, the Republican Committee for the Fifth Congressional District, has made a very serious mistake. The action of the committee is an outrage and should be resented. The appointment of delegates by committee violates the fundamental principles of free government. It poisons the stream at its very fountain. If the rank and file of the party are not permitted to participate in naming the candidates, they may as well be disfranchised outright and altogether. The regular election is simply a ratification of the primary. The real interest lies in the selection rather than in the election of candidates. Exclude the voter from the first and it is a burlesque of the elective franchise to ask him to participate at the latter. Government by committee means party paralysis and political death.

The suppression of the primary is a violation of all party rule and precedent—a subversion of popular rights—and should not be submitted to.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Denunciation is the prime issue of Democracy; confirmation that of Republicanism. The latter are creators; the former merely kickers.—San Jose Herald.

In Manila Bay Dewey risked his life; in matrimony his peace of mind, and in politics his good name. If he lacks judgment, he has nerve to spare.—Mayfield Republican.

The Idaho investigation has been a terrible blow for the labor unions. Instead of proving military usurpation of power, it has been shown that the mining unions there were little better than Molly Maguire murder associations, and that only the presence of the military there prevented deeds that would have shaken the country with horror.—Mayfield Republican.

SELECTED POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

However, there can be no serious objection to Admiral Dewey sailing into Bryanism.

When American ships carry American products to all parts of the world the calamity orator will be an audienceless individual.

Mr. Macrum, former consul to Pretoria, has been withdrawn from circulation as a Democratic campaign card.

The Democratic party has nursed a great many boomerangs, but it never got hold of anything quite so unpleasant as the Idaho riots.

The Pennsylvania Democrats will go to Kansas City solid for Mr. Bryan. Later on Pennsylvania will go into the

electoral college solid for President McKinley.

The foreign shipping interests, which are all opposed to the pending shipping bill, seem to have given up the hope of defeating its passage by the present Congress.

Last year sixty-two new silk mills were started in the United States. Skilled American labor needs only the opportunity to show its superiority.

The establishment of new cotton mills in the South continues, despite the discouraging words of the politicians in that section whose personal welfare depends upon commercial depression.

The little men who propose to butt the prosperity locomotive off the track are the same who predicted national calamity in case of the defeat of Bryan and his hobbies.

The Democrats of Raleigh, N. C., have endorsed the Hon. Julian S. Carr, the millionaire tobacco manufacturer, for United States Senator. The Democrats, however, are violently opposed to millionaires in the other party.

"Every indication points to the heaviest wool clip in the Northwest for many years." This is the opinion of a member of a Boston wool firm, M. E. Race, who has just been through Utah, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. This is better news than to hear of the wholesale slaughter of sheep because farmers can not afford even to feed them, as was the case under a free wool policy.

Oregon Republicans are for expansion, the Nicaragua Canal, the open door in China, and, very naturally, for the gold standard as the basis on which oriental countries should pay for their goods.

From the way the Democrats seem to be worrying over the Constitution, it would appear that they have forgotten that there is a Supreme Court, whose chief duty it is to safeguard that sacred document.

The fact that as much has been paid foreign ship owners during the past thirty-five years as has been collected at American custom houses is one that loudly calls for the passage of the shipping bill, which is designed to turn our foreign carrying over to American-built ships.

In the last two calendar years, under the Dingley tariff, we bought from Europe goods worth \$725,000,000. In the same year two years we sold to Europe goods worth \$1,940,000,000. The balance of trade in our favor was thus \$1,215,000,000 from Europe alone. This is the sort of "entangling foreign alliance" that is caused by the Republican policy of protection. It is entangling to the other fellow.

Our Democratic friends are very much afraid that the inhabitants of our new possessions will not receive at the hands of the Administration the kind, fatherly, thoughtful, philanthropic care which they bestow on the colored people of the South. As they are experienced in such matters, they can not understand why the country is not willing to trust them. They stand ready to extend the franchise as fast as the natives can give positive proof that they will always vote the straight Democratic ticket, and no sooner.

LITERARY NOTES.

Upward of fifty writers and artists contribute to the May Ladies' Home Journal, consequently variety is combined with excellence throughout its pages. Rudyard Kipling drolly tells of "The Beginning of the Armadillos." Mary B. Mullett writes of "The Real Thrums of Barrie." Clifford Howard, of "The Flower that Set a Nation Mad." Mabel Perce Haskell, of "A Famous Boston Belle," and the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady continues his experiences as "A Missionary in the Great West." Ian MacLaren's article answers the query "Is the Minister an Idler?" and Edward Bok writes of early marriage and of domestic science in the schools. Two pages of pictures, "Through Picturesque America,"—the second of a series—reveal the beauties of our country's scenery. The drawings, "The American Girl on the Farm," by H. C. Christy, and "The Minister at Tea," by A. B. Frost, worthily fill a page each. Fashions for women and for girl graduates, cooking, and in fact every phase of home making, from the "Etiquette of Dances and Balls" to "How to Treat and Keep a Servant," are included in the May Journal. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

A WOMAN'S PERFECT GIFT.

The Flawless Joy Which Comes to Her Over the Cradle of Her Grandchild. "One crown of glory the elderly woman may proudly wear, and it is a distinction she could never have had in girlhood or early matronhood; she may be a grandmother," writes Margaret E. Sangster in the May Ladies' Home Journal. "I can think of nothing so perfectly satisfying and so thrilling with a subtle ecstasy as the holding in one's arms, and looking into the face of the child of one's son or daughter. It is the second generation, and you have lived to see it; that fact in itself is delightful. You compare the baby face with those of your own children, and trace the quaintest points of resemblance, and oddly enough you see, what nobody else can see, flitting likenesses now and then to the child's remotest ancestors—to some great grandfather or grandmother long vanished from the earth. Your granddaughter and you will be chums; your grandson and you will be comrades, and good, and only good, will be the outcome of the beautiful association for all concerned. One of the most perfect gifts which comes into the life of a woman

is the joy which comes to her over the cradle of the grandchild. It is without a single flaw."

TOILER, RESPECT THYSELF!

I've ne'er with others eliqued nor clanned; I've never with my brother planned To brother rob of rights or land; To me each man's a man.

For equal rights before the law I'll stand and fight with tooth and claw, For man of might, for man of straw, I'll fight for rights of man.

I'll take the fallen by the hand, My brother whom my God hath planned, And help him on his feet to land; To me a man's a man.

With eyes of pity I look down When cad or fool upon me frown, The man of millions, or the clown; To me a man's a man.

It matters not what lines he traces, White'er his lineage or race, The man who has a place, My fellow man's a man.

I want each toiler to look up, For every soul a loving cup, God holds, and bids us all to sup; Be every one a man.

I hold true charity for all; Go, I'st mercy is within our call To raise erect the weak, who fall; Erect my fellow man.

I hold as dearest thought and true That prayer wines out and writes anew In lines of light on heavens own blue, To bless the soul of man.

I'll never cringe, I'll never cling To any cross that time may bring; I'll fight to death each evil thing, And live as should a man.

The poorest man that walks the earth, The richy fool drawing human breath, But bubbles blown twixt birth and death, And each to each but man.

—DANIEL FLORENCE LEARY.

Your chance to get ahead is to stop paying rent and own your own home, but don't buy a five-room cottage with bath on Grand Avenue. Swell, new, modern, sunny, free from dampness, at your own terms.

E. E. Cunningham, Agent.

DO NOT BAND TOGETHER.

There Are No Such Things as "Gangs" of Criminals.

"The 'gang' idea as applied to criminals is a ridiculous blunder," said an experienced detective. "There are no such things except in story books. There seems to be something about the inner nature of confirmed crooks that forbids them to band together. Honest folks instinctively drift toward each other and form societies and combinations for self protection and mutual interest, but criminals are exactly the reverse.

"Safe burglars generally work in parties of three, but that is because three men are necessary to the average 'job'—two to manipulate the drill and other tools and one to 'pipe' or watch the outside. Whenever it is possible for a burglar to 'turn a trick,' as they call it, single handed he is certain to go alone. It is the same with all other thieves.

"You read of a 'gang of pickpockets' descending on some country fair. They do their work in pairs, so in that case it would simply mean that six or eight of the crooked couples happened to strike the place at the same time. The detective novel theory is that criminals are organized into great societies with regular heads and cast iron laws and bylaws, to violate which means sudden and mysterious death.

"That is all rubbish. If such an organization was formed, the police would know it ten minutes after the first meeting adjourned. One of the things that keep thieves apart is their horrible treachery. I have been a detective for over a quarter of a century, and I never knew a single crook who would not betray any other crook merely to curry favor with the officers. They are well aware of that little peculiarity themselves and dread one another a good deal more than they dread the authorities."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Cannibalistic.

Oliver Wendell Holmes enjoyed that humor best which was of his own production. On one occasion he was holding forth at great length on the subject of cannibalism, and, having wound himself up to the proper pitch, he turned suddenly to Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who was sitting near him, and asked: "Imagine! What would you do if you were to meet a cannibal?"

"I think," Mr. Aldrich sweetly replied, "that I should stop to pick an acquaintance with him."

This rejoinder cast such a gloom over Dr. Holmes that during the rest of the dinner his conversation was limited to monosyllables.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Saluting the Deck.

The poop or raised after deck of a ship over which floated the national flag was considered to be always pervaded by the presence of the sovereign. As the worshiper of whatever rank removes his hat upon entering the church so from the admiral to the powder monkey every member of the ship's company as he set foot upon the poop "saluted the deck," the invisible presence. But since in steamers there is often no lee side the custom in them has completely died out.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Curiosity Satisfied.

Burly Tramp—Wot's th' good of a little dog like that?

Mrs. Rural—To keep off tramps.

"He, he! Wot kin that little critter do?"

"He can bark. That will wake up the big dogs under the porch."

"Y-es, mum. Good day, mum."—New York Weekly.

Not Enough Pin Money to Go Round.

Ostend—Pa, I want a dollar to buy a set of tenpins.

Pa—Well, you just don't get it! It's all I can do to keep your mother in pin money.—Chicago News.

SOLDIERS IN BATTLE.

The Peculiar Way Some Men Act When They Are Wounded.

If you take a dozen soldiers as like each other as peas so far as height, weight, strength, age, courage and general appearance go and wound them all in precisely the same way, you will find that scarcely any two of them are affected alike.

One man on receiving a bullet in his leg will go on fighting as if nothing had happened. He does not know, in fact, that he now contains a bullet. But perhaps in two or three minutes he will grow faint and fall.

Another man, without feeling the slightest pain, will tremble all over, totter and fall at once, even though the wound is really very slight.

A third will cry out in a way to frighten his comrades and will forget everything in his agony. A fourth will grow stupid and look like an idiot.

Some soldiers wounded in the slightest manner will have to be carried off the field. Others, although perhaps fatally injured, can easily walk to the ambulance. Many die quickly from the shock to the nervous system.

A very curious case is recorded in the surgical history of the American civil war, in which three officers were hit just at the same time. One had his leg from the knee down carried away, but he rode ten miles to the hospital. Another lost his little finger, and he became a raving maniac, while a third was shot through the body and, though he did not shed a drop of blood externally, he dropped dead from the shock.—New York Telegram.

He Drank Alone.

In the early days of Ventura, Cal., Dr. Bard established such a reputation for willingness to fight that few presumed to provoke his anger. He was once informed that the lawyer he had engaged to represent him in a certain case had sold out to the opposing side. "I'll cut his heart out," said Bard when the news came to him.

Shortly after that, walking with one of his friends, Dr. Bard met the lawyer on the street. "Come in and have a drink," said that worthy, and the three men, entering the barroom, ordered three glasses of whisky, which were put before them.

"Drink," said Dr. Bard to the lawyer.

"Not until you are ready," the lawyer politely replied.

"No, not with me," said Bard; "you drink now."

"Not until you drink," insisted the legal light.

Dr. Bard's pistol was out in a moment and pointed between the eyes of the man who had betrayed him. "Drink!" said he in a voice of thunder; "drink, I tell you!" The lawyer drank with avidity, and when he was through Bard and his friend threw their full glasses on the floor. "We don't drink with curs," said they and, turning their backs, walked out of the room.—San Francisco Argonaut.

It Wasn't the Bell.

The Lewiston (Me.) Journal tells a story of a minister in a prayer meeting who cut short "Uncle" Ira, a prosy old deacon, by ringing a bell at the end of five minutes. But after doing so he felt sorry, because he had apparently hurt the feelings of an old father in Israel. So he arose and went down to "Uncle" Ira and put his hand on the old man's shoulder.

"Uncle" Ira, said he, "I'm sorry for that. I ask your pardon and—"

"Uncle" Ira looked up, the anger still in his eyes.

"Why, ye don't think I set down on account of that pesky little bell of your'n, do ye?" he demanded.

"Why, I—I—well, I thought"—stammered the minister.

"Waal," said "Uncle" Ira, "ye needn't think no more about that bell. I want to tell ye right now that no bells ain't ever goin to set me down in this vestry where I've talked goin on 29 years. I want to tell ye right now, young man, if I hadn't jest swallowed my chaw I'd 'a' kept on talkin till I'd 'a' 'lucidated that p'int if it had 'a' took me all night."

Legend of the Violin.

An ancient legend tells us that one day as Orpheus, son of Apollo and the muse Calliope, was walking by the sea, trilling in soft cadence a song taught him by the celebrated teacher Linos, he was attracted by the sound of sweet music, which seemed but the echo of his own glorious voice. He walked along, singing, and the sound approached, as if to meet him, till finally it sang at his very feet.

Glancing down, he saw the shell of a turtle, which had been cast high and dry upon the beach and left there by the receding waves. The little thing had died and dried up so that only the sinews, shriveled to strings, and the shell remained. The dried up sinews were tightly stretched across the hollow shell, and the wind, as it listed, touched the strings, causing them to vibrate over the shell sounding board and gave forth the sweet, sad tones.

Enchanted, he bore his treasure home and from it fashioned the viol shell, with which he ever after accompanied his voice, and the nymph Eurydice, enchanted by its magic, became his bride.—National Magazine.

A Healthful Swelling.

Physician (with ear to patient's chest)—There is a curious swelling over the region of the heart, sir, which must be reduced at once.

Patient (anxiously)—That swelling is my pocketbook, doctor. Please don't reduce it too much.—Harlem Life.

Every man is his own ancestor, and every man is his own heir. He devises his own future, and he inherits his own past.—H. F. Hedge.

The eyes of snakes are never closed. Alive or dead, sleeping or waking, they are always wide open.

THE JUDGE'S ADVICE.

Given to a Man Who Wavered Between Religion and Politics.

A well known western representative in congress, pleading an engagement, left a small group of talkers in an up town hotel lobby, and an elderly man, whom he had introduced to the party, made bold to tell a story about the departed.

"I have known him," he said, "ever since he was a boy, and when he came out of college he was undecided whether to become a lawyer and politician or go to a theological seminary and become a clergyman. He was fond of politics and thought that with a little law and more religion on the side he might become a great moral reformer. You know that's the way most all very young men feel when they undertake politics for the first time.

"However, before he had had time to determine finally what he would do, his friends came after him to run for the legislature, as he had the availability and a pretty fair amount of cash. This brought him face to face with the question he had been much disturbed over, and he went to Judge Blank, a veteran in politics and a man of the highest character, for assistance in solving the problem. He stated his case in full to the judge, and the grand old man put his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"My boy," he said, as only he could say it, "it can't be politics and religion. It must be one or the other. You can't fit yourself for heaven and for the legislature at the same time, and there's no use trying. That is all I can say, and you will have to make your own choice."—Washington Star.

A KAFFIR SMOKER.

The Native Women Are Enthusiastic Devotees of the Weed.

In South Africa the native women smoke incessantly. Your native servant smokes as she cooks and as she washes. The tobacco she likes is rank. The dainty cigarette an English or Russian lady of fashion enjoys, smoked through a quill so that no nicotine can stain either teeth or fingers, would be sneered at by a Kaffir. "Give me a pipe and something in it I can taste," is in effect what she says.

The men Kaffirs are beyond tobacco. They smoke something so vehement that it makes them cough and splutter, lose their breath, choke and sneeze to an alarming degree. They like snuff, too, and are fond of offering and taking pinches of it ("schniff") they call it when they meet and visit one another.

Regarding tobacco as too mild for their taste, the Kaffirs take another weed and smoke that. They proceed to arrange a smoking party by squatting on the ground and getting ready their "pipe," a cow horn with a thin tube in it inserted half way down at right angles to the horn. The end of the tube is in a basin, and it is from it that the smoker sucks the strong stuff that makes him incapable of anything but a series of coughs and chokes for some time after he has had his turn at the pipe, which is passed round from man to man until a perfect chorus of coughs rends the air.

The tobacco the Boers smoke looks like poor tea and is peculiar in flavor, yet Englishmen who have become used to it acquire such a taste for it that they never ask for any other kind.

Books.

Books are sweet, unapproaching companions to the miserable, and if they cannot bring us to enjoy life they will at least teach us to endure it.—Vicar of Wakefield.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

—AND—

INSURANCE

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TOWN NEWS.

Times good.
Town growing.
Everybody busy.
Public school re-opens next Monday.
Three new buildings commenced this week.

Two more lots sold on Commercial avenue.

Remember the Sentinels' ball this evening.

Mr. Wisnom of San Mateo was in town Sunday.

A. L. Lown of Redwood City paid our town a visit Tuesday.

L. Medus, contractor of San Francisco, was in town Saturday.

A Belgian hare farm has been started near Colma by C. T. Thomas.

Don't forget the Sentinels' ball at Butchers' hall this evening.

The Cavanaugh cottage on Grand avenue is enclosed and under roof.

Rev. Father Cooper paid the good people of our town a visit on Monday.

The Butchers' picnic at San Jose on Sunday drew a large crowd from this place.

Wyant & Scherlin furnished the brick for the foundations of the Forney cottages.

John Kennedy has removed to San Mateo and will drive team for Mr. Coleman.

Services at Grace Mission Sunday 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m.

J. P. Newman has consummated purchase of the lot adjoining his home in block 123.

The Steiger pottery has just closed a contract for ten miles of large dimension sewerpipe.

Mrs. J. S. McRinna's mother suffered a stroke of paralysis recently and is confined to her bed.

The strike at Frank's tannery, Redwood City, has been amicably settled by an advance of wages.

For fire insurance in first-class companies only, apply to E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Tax Collector Frank Granger has appointed Bob Carroll Deputy License Collector for the First Township.

Miss Blanche Smith of Galesburg, Ill., cousin of Mr. W. J. Martin, is paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Martin.

The Western Meat Company made a shipment to Cape Nome on Wednesday of 2200 tons of choice refrigerated beef.

Mr. Odium who has been away from this place about two years returned last week and is at work at the Packing House once more.

Mrs. G. C. Ripley has bought lot 17, in block 122, on Commercial avenue, with the view of building a cottage at an early date.

R. M. Graham has rented and moved into the J. P. Newman residence on Commercial avenue. Mr. Newman has removed to San Mateo.

J. F. Lyman has a contract to erect three handsome cottages for Mrs. Forney, on Commercial avenue, and has a force of men at work on the buildings.

George Wishing has bought a lot of the Land and Improvement Company, in block 122, on south side of Commercial avenue, and thinks of improving it by building.

If you take advice sometimes, also take a five-room cottage with bath, on suitable terms, on Grand avenue. New, modern, sunny; free from dampness. Don't pay any more rent.

E. E. Cunningham, Agent.

The Werner cottages now under construction will be completed to suit the wishes of desirable tenants. Parties wanting such a dwelling can apply to J. F. Lyman, the contractor, who has charge of the work.

The trial of John Fitzgerald for the killing of John Lennon at or near Holy Cross Cemetery, on the 24th day of last December, resulted on Tuesday in a disagreement of the jury. Judge Lonigan, by whom the case was heard, has fixed the retrial for May 7th.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

The workmen engaged in taking out shell from the shell mound just below the rock crusher have uncovered the bones of some mammoth animal. The teeth found are in an excellent state of preservation. These teeth are over four inches in length and are from 1 1/2 to 1 5/8 inches in width.

Hon. Henry Ward Brown has called the attention of the people of this county, and of Redwood City particularly, to an appropriation made at the last session of the Legislature for the improvement of creeks and sloughs, holding that a portion of the appropriation can be secured for the improvement of Redwood creek.

For the price you are paying in monthly rent, you can own your own home. Don't be a clam, but have a five-room cottage, with bath, modern, new, sunny; free from dampness, on Grand avenue.

E. E. Cunningham, Agent.

Work has been discontinued at the Baden Brick Works. It is reported that these works have been closed under an agreement with some sort of brick combine or trust for a period of two years. If such a trust exists, and this arrangement has been made, it is not on account of over production, but simply a scheme to control and advance prices.

Wm. McDonald, blacksmith, formerly of Redwood City, has been made prin-

cipal basso singer for the famous Bostonians. Mr. McDonald has been with the Bostonians less than two years and in that brief time has attained a position which usually takes from six to eight years' hard work to reach. Redwood City is proud of McDonald's success.

Mrs. Flora A. Werner has bought two 50-foot lots, Nos. 9-10, in block 123, on the north side of Commercial avenue, occupying the crown of Homeowners Hill, and has commenced the work of erecting three handsome cottages of from four to six rooms each. The cottages are in the Queen Anne style of architecture, and when completed, will be up to date as well as artistic. The architect and builder is our fellow townsman, Mr. J. F. Lyman.

ITS LAST MEETING IN HALFMOON BAY.

On Saturday evening last Hayward Lodge, No. 226 F. and A. M. held its final meeting in this place. Hereafter the lodge-room will be in San Mateo, where a broader field awaits the teachings of Masonry.

Hayward Lodge was organized on September 12, 1872, under the name of Hesperian Lodge. The name was afterward changed to the present one in honor of Alvinza Hayward, who presented the lodge with a set of solid silver jewels. Its first Master was Henry E. Lea, who is now a resident of Skagway, Alaska. The charter members numbered thirteen, of whom only one is now a resident of Halfmoon Bay.

The eight others living are scattered to many places. Following are the living charter members: J. P. Johnston, James Hatch, Albert Milliken, J. P. Ames, Charles Davids, William Yates, Wm. Campbell, M. F. Garcia and E. B. Wooley.

Saturday night the third degree was bestowed upon two candidates, and it being the last meeting of the lodge here, a number of visitors were present from other points. Among them were: F. R. Hartell, A. H. Rich, John Kelley, L. P. Behrens, S. W. Palin, A. Cerf, J. A. Soule, John W. Poole, R. J. McNulty, P. P. Chamberlain, P. Bettelheim, John Wisnom, J. B. Peckham, Jesse Penton, W. W. Fullmer, G. P. Hartley, J. P. McCracken, G. A. Bigelow.—Coast Advocate.

MRS. STANFORD'S GIFT.

The Sacramento Bee of Wednesday announces the gift by Mrs. Leland Stanford of the beautiful Stanford mansion at Eighth and N streets to Right Rev. Bishop Grace of the Catholic diocese of Sacramento and his successors forever, together with an endowment fund of \$75,000. This money has been invested in interest-bearing bonds and the monthly income will be applied to the maintenance of the "Lathrop-Stanford Children's Day Home," by which the place will be known. The home will probably be conducted by the Sisters of Mercy.

For twenty years this mansion, one of the handsomest in the city, has been unoccupied, save for the solitary caretaker who has served in that capacity since Senator Stanford and wife removed to the great house on California street, San Francisco. For the old home which she gave away today Mrs. Stanford has always cherished the deepest affection. It was there that her son, Leland Stanford Jr., was born, and to this day the playthings in his room remain as when they were left by the lad in whom the Senator and his wife had centered their best hopes. The old dining-room appears as it did during the days when General Sherman, General Grant, President Hayes and other distinguished men were entertained there.—Palo Alto Live Oak.

NO PRIMARIES.

The Congressional committee of the Fifth District met in the office of W. H. Cobb in the Parrot building Thursday evening and resolved the Republicans of the district out of the burden and trouble of choosing their delegates to the next convention. They resolved that owing to the notorious frauds (1) that have accompanied every primary election for years' past (2) the committee in the interests of pure politics will take unto itself the task of appointing the delegates. The members of this appointing committee from Santa Clara county are (1) Johnnie Mackenzie, (2) Louis Oneal—Bert Herrington's former partner and (3) Rick Donovan, a public school janitor in San Jose. Oneal and Donovan are both office holders by appointment from Mackenzie. This purity program should be enough to silence the carping critics who imagine that there is a gang in Santa Clara county.—Palo Alto Live Oak.

CONVICTED OF MANSLAUGHTER.

John Alves was placed on trial yesterday in the Superior Court of this county for the killing of Manuel Fialho, the death of whom resulted from a blow from a demijohn in the hands of the former. The fracas occurred at this place on the night of January 13th last, and Fialho died three days later at the county farm.

Alves' trial was of remarkably short duration. It was begun at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon a verdict had been returned. The jury declared Alves guilty of manslaughter, with extenuating circumstances.—Coast Advocate.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

DANCING SCHOOL.

Lessons in dancing every Tuesday and Friday evenings at Armour Pavilion. Admission 25 cents.

R. O. Thurman.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An American Reporter.

They have a reporter on one of the Williamsburg papers who may not be much on style, but for placid, nerry "get there" he is a jewel. A little while ago he was assigned to a political meeting and asked to give a good report of it. Now, it happened that the festivities were conducted entirely in Polish, a language of which the young man knows nothing. This fact, however, did not faze him a bit. He made his way through the hall, pushed up to the platform and sat down with the secretary. For several minutes he industriously took notes and finally the secretary, turning to him, pumped out a volley of Polish.

"I am not in it, dear boy," retorted the young man as he turned again to listen to the speaker.

The secretary looked surprised. Finally he went out and brought in a man who asked in English:

"Are you a Polish reporter?"

"Nope," was the reply. "I am an American one."

"Do you understand our language?"

"I never heard it before," retorted the scribbler, "but I think I have picked up enough since I have been here to give a rattling good story."

And he did.—New York Press.

A Savage Publisher.

The late J. Schabelitz, the famous Zurich publisher and author, was a shrewd business man, an excellent linguist, a skillful writer and probably the most savage publisher who ever lived. When he accepted the famous memoirs of Count von Arnim, he wrote on the postal card with the acceptance the proviso, "I reserve the right to correct your infernally bad grammar."

To an aspiring poet who had submitted manuscript he answered by postal card: "I refuse to be disgraced by printing your doggerel. I don't return the copy because you didn't inclose enough postage. If you will send it to me, but I don't think the stuff is worth the expense on your part."

One of his postal cards to a novelist read about as follows: "For heaven's sake, come and take away the unnamable mass of paper you left here for me to look at!"

An ambitious historian was crushed by the following, written, like all of his correspondence, upon a postal card: "You are making the mistake of your life. You don't want to study history. You want to learn how to write."—Saturday Evening Post.

"Paradise Billed Down."

A tourist tells how he traveled with a young couple evidently on their honeymoon, and the passengers in that particular carriage were on the grin most of the time over their antics.

The bride had got the man she loved, and she didn't care who saw her put her head on his shoulder. The bridegroom had got a farm with his wife, and if he wanted to feed her on sweets or squeeze her hand whose business was it?

A little old man sat directly opposite the couple, and he looked at them so often that the young husband finally explained:

"We've just got married."

"I knowed it all the time," chuckled the other.

"And we can't help it, you know."

"No, you can't. I'll be blown if you can!"

"I presume it all seems very silly to an old man like you," continued the husband.

"Does it? Does it?" cackled the old fellow. "Well, I can tell you it does not, then. I've been there three times over, and now I'm on my way to marry a fourth. Silly! Why, children, it's paradise billed down!"—London Fun.

The Bullet and the Mark.

"General Lawton," said an officer who served with that fearless commander, "once said to me that the right bullet would always and its mark no matter how small the latter might be, and then he related an incident which occurred during the civil war. In one of the engagements of his command—I can't remember now whether or not he mentioned the place—a piece of shell hit the ground near where a soldier was standing and scared him so badly that he jumped straight up in the air like a rabbit. As he did so a minute ball knocked off the crown of his head."

"That was the one particular bullet intended to kill him," said General Lawton, "and he actually had to jump after it."

"He spoke in a light, offhand fashion, but there was an undertone of seriousness in his voice, and I inferred from the story that he was, like most veteran soldiers, a pronounced fatalist."—Collier's Weekly.

THE BISHOP AND DIPLOMAT.

Illustration of a Diplomatic Attitude Toward Religion.

In the "Life of Archbishop Benson" by his sons occurs the entertaining and extremely suggestive passage:

"I shall never forget a conversation between the ambassador of a foreign power and my father. The former was dining at Lambeth, a genial, intelligent man, very solicitous to be thoroughly in touch with the social life of the country to which he had been accredited. After dinner the ambassador, in full diplomatic uniform, with a ribbon and stars, sitting next to my father, said politely:

"Does your grace reside much in the country?"

My father said that as archbishop he was provided with a country house and that he was there as much as possible, as he preferred the country to the town.

"Now, does your grace go to church in the country?" with an air of genial inquiry, turning round in his chair.

"Yes, indeed!" said my father. "We have a beautiful church almost in the park, which the village people all go to."

"Yes," said the ambassador meditatively, "yes, I always go to church myself in the country. It is a good thing to show sympathy with religious feeling; it is the one thing which combats socialist ideas. I think you are very wise, your grace, to go."

My father said that he felt as if he and the ambassador were the two augurs as represented in Punch.

"I did my best," said my father, "to persuade him that I was a Christian, but he listened to all that I said with a charming expression, implying, 'We are men of the world and understand each other.' I am sure that he thought that I was speaking diplomatically and in purely conventional language, and that if he had known each other better I should have thrown off the mask and avowed myself as free a thinker as he."

A Coffee Hint.

A French housekeeper says that in her country it is an invariable rule to add a little butter and powdered sugar to coffee beans while they are roasting. A very small piece of butter is needed to the pound, a bit perhaps as large as a hazelnut, and not more than a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. This treatment is the secret of the pleasant burned sugar flavor in French coffee.

In the time of Louis Quatorze in France food in general was placed up on the table in one huge dish, and each helped himself with his naked hand. As late as the middle of the sixteenth century one glass or goblet did duty for the whole table.

Men have missed their opportunities more often than opportunities have missed them.—Elliott's Magazine.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is fairly active and prices are steady.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easier prices.

HOGS—Hogs are selling at higher prices. Provisions—Provisions are in fair demand at higher prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are \$1.10 (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 fat Steers, 8½¢; second quality, 8¢; thin Steers, 7¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½¢; thin Cows, 5¢.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 150 lbs and under \$6.15@6.25; over 150 to 250 lbs, 6¢@6¼¢; over 250 to 300 lbs, 5½¢@5¾¢; rough heavy hogs, 4½¢.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4¢@4¼¢; Ewes, 3¼¢@4¢. Shorn Sheep ½¢ less. This Spring Lambs, 4½¢@5¼¢ live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs. alive, gross weight, 5¢@5¼¢; over 250 lbs, 4¢@4¼¢.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7¢; second quality, 6½¢; third quality, 5½¢@6¢; first quality cows and heifers, 6¢; second quality, 5¢@6¢; third quality, 4½¢@5¢.

VEAL—Large, 6½¢@7½¢; small, 7½¢@8½¢. MUTTON—Wethers, 6½¢@7½¢; Ewes, 6¢@7¢; This Spring Lambs, 8¢@9¢; bulk, 8½¢.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8½¢@9¢. PROVISIONS—Hams, 13½¢; picnic hams, 10¢; Atlanta ham, 10¢; New York, shoulder, 10¢.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 14¢; light S. C. bacon, 13¢; med. bacon, clear, 10½¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 10½¢; clear light, 12¢; clear ex. light bacon, 13¢.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$14.50; do, hf-bbl, \$7.50; Family Beef, bbl, \$13.50; hf-bbl, \$7.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$13.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.75.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 9½¢; do, light, 9½¢; do, Bellies, 10¢; Extra Clear, bbls., \$19.50; hf-bbls., \$10.00; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., \$4.50; do, kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are \$1.10: 1/4-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 7½¢ 7¼¢ 7½¢ 8 8½¢ Cal. pure 9½¢ 9¼¢ 9½¢ 10 10½¢ In 3-lb tins the price on each is ¼¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.35; 1s \$1.35; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.35; 1s, \$1.35.

TERMS—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

NOTICE OF COPARTNERSHIP.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That we, the undersigned, have formed a partnership for the purpose of conducting the business of manufacturing and selling brick; that the principal place of business of said partnership is South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California; and that said partnership and business will be conducted and carried on under the name and style of "South San Francisco Brick Company," and that the names and residence of each and all of said partners are as follows, to-wit:

GUY WYANT, residing at South San Francisco, California.

CHARLES A. SCHERLIN, residing at South San Francisco, California.

Dated March 1st, 1900.

GUY WYANT, CHARLES A. SCHERLIN.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SAN MATEO.

On this 17th day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred, before me, E. E. Cunningham, a Notary Public in and for said County of San Mateo, personally appeared Guy Wyant and Charles A. Scherlin, known to me to be the persons described in, whose names are subscribed to, and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, at my office in the said County of San Mateo, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Notary Public in and for the County of San Mateo, State of California.

DO YOU WANT HOUSE?

to repair your old - - - to paper your old to alter or enlarge your - to see plans for 4 rooms & bath \$150 down and \$11 per month if so, see

J. F. LYMAN,
Carpenter Shop
GRAND AVENUE

J. L. WOOD,
Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.
Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.
Orders Solicited.
South San Francisco, Cal.

ARMOUR HOTEL
HENRY MICHENFELDEN : Proprietor.
Table and Accommodations The Best in the City.
Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.
Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel.
South San Francisco, Cal.

House Moving
Teaming
Grading
CONTRACTING.
J. G. Stout,
South San Francisco, Cal.

IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT
Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

Beer & Ice
—WHOLESALE—
THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.
For the Celebrated Beers of the
Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and
South San Francisco
BREWERIES
—AND—
THE UNION ICE CO.
Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

United & States & Laundry.
Office, 1004 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.
First-Class Work Guaranteed. Moderate Rates.
Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco, on Tuesdays and Fridays every week.
J. T. CASEY, Agent.

UNION COURSING PARK
The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World
IS NOW IN OPERATION AT
COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.
ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

SPEAKING ABOUT BRICKS!
Bricks for Business Blocks, Dwellings, Roadways, Foundations, Sewers, Cisterns, Sidewalks, Mantels, Chimneys
AT KILN PRICES
Now is the time to build brick houses. Why not have the best for your money Plans and estimates of brick houses and dwellings furnished on application at prices to suit.

BADEN BRICK COMPANY
South San Francisco, Cal.
South San Francisco Laundry
C. CRAFT, Prop'r.
Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.
All Repairing Attended to
Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,**
South San Francisco, Cal.

JIM AND JOE.

Says Jim: "There's Joe; I wouldn't be like him, you know, Fer I kin see Mistakes he's made. I'll let you know There'd be a change If I was Joe!"

Says Joe: "There's Jim; I wouldn't make Mistakes like him. Fer mercy sake! They're plain enough To all but him. There'd be a change If I was Jim!"

When God made th' Old world He gave To Jim an' Joe A place to live; But no one sence It's come to pass Has furnished 'em A lookin' glass.

—Indianapolis Sun.

His Uncle's Fortune.

YOU are in a particularly cheerful mood, Bob, for a man who has got to the end of his resources.

"My dear boy, if you want to drive the last nail into the box that will bury you under a ton weight of cold shoulder pull a long face when you are in difficulties, and turn seedy. Besides, a man is never at the end of his resources."

"Well, I suppose a fiver is of no use to you?"

"None in the least!" said Bob Summers, with a light laugh. "Give me a month to myself, Ted, and good-by till then. One month from to-night—and this is the 5th—dine with me here."

They parted on the steps of the cafe. Summers watched his friend out of sight, then took a cab to his chambers, paid his man a month's wages and gave him a month's holiday, packed a portmanteau, locked up his rooms, gave the key to his housekeeper and, half an hour later, was smoking his last cigar in a first-class compartment of a southwestern train with his last \$5 in his pocket.

In the next issue of the Dormouth Times appeared this item of news:

"Some men are lucky! Mr. Robert Summers, son of the late Richard Summers, of Dormouth, who has been reading for the bar since his father's sudden death, has just inherited a fortune, estimated at from \$400,000 to half a million, left by an uncle who settled early in life in Chile. News of the death of his wealthy relative and of the fortune bequeathed to him reached Mr. Summers, who happens to be staying at the Dormouth Arms at the present time, by the last South American mails. We heartily congratulate our fellow townsman."

Mr. Robert Summers read this with a placid face in his sitting-room at the Dormouth Arms, while chipping an egg for his breakfast.

"A very comfortable sum," he soliloquized. "Not too small for the covetous and not too large for the credulous. They will turn up presently."

Before he had finished breakfast a note was handed him from his old tailor, whose name and account he had almost forgotten. It begged the favor of a renewal of Mr. Summers' esteemed patronage. A couple of circulars strongly emphasizing the claims of local charities followed, and no less than six begging letters in an hour.

"They must fancy that fortunes are remitted by cable!" Summers commented on these prompt recognitions of his admission into the ranks of the dunned.

To the other evidences of newspaper popularity was added the usual attention of a visit from his landlord, who hoped Mr. Summers was comfortable. He had known Mr. Summers' father for "well on to forty years, sir, and remembered hearin' tell of a brother who went to South America in the '60s. Very sad news, sir, but—brightening—the seems to have improved his time, sir."

"Yes," said Bob dryly: "an affliction with compensations. Er—will you send someone with my hat and get a mourning-band put on? Uncle, you know."

Bob lounged up to the window just as a carriage stopped in the road below.

"Lady Wheedle," he murmured, "by all that's marvelous! Has she still got her daughters on her hands?"

A note was handed out, and the carriage drove on. The note came to him, as he had half-anticipated, for by this time he was becoming prepared for extremities. Lady Wheedle's compliments and condolences with Mr. Summers on his bereavement ("The old fellow!" he muttered. "What a quick scent she has!") and would be greatly pleased if Mr. Summers would dine at Wheedle house on Monday, the 11th, strictly on family.

He had scarcely dropped the note on the table, with its conspicuous coat-of-arms uppermost, when a Mr. Bolster was announced.

"Bolster! Bolster! I don't recall—"

"Ows a deal of property hereabouts, sir," explained the waiter, with an apologetic cough.

"Oh, ah! Yes. Show him in."

Mr. Bolster appeared—a gentleman of a bustling and confident manner, with a keen eye and an expansive style of conversation.

"Hope you will pardon this intrusion, Mr. Summers, and particularly on matters of business; but capital, sir, knows neither births, marriages nor deaths."

"The deuce it doesn't!" thought Summers; but he said nothing to interrupt the flow of words.

"Capital is forever changing hands, of course, sir," proceeded Mr. Bolster, "but survives the ordinary mutabilities of life. I called to say that I can offer you at the present moment some peculiarly profitable investments."

"But, my dear sir, you forget that I have not yet handled a penny of this inheritance, and am not likely to for some time."

"That is so, of course, Mr. Summers. No man understands the vexatious delays in obtaining possession of distant inheritances better than I do. But still, sir, this is immaterial. The association of your name, as a man of capital, with mine would, at this juncture, enable us to purchase some property for a very small cash payment, which I could not acquire on my individual credit without a present sum which I am unable to command. If you will call at my office on Monday I can satisfy you as to the advantageous nature of the transaction."

"I am obliged to you for your offer, Mr. Bolster, and will look into the matter on Monday, but with the distinct understanding, you know, that I have nothing to offer you but my name."

"Quite sufficient, quite sufficient, I assure you, Mr. Summers!" protested Mr. Bolster, rising to take his leave. "I presume an equal share in the profits will be satisfactory to you? Thank you! well, good-by till Monday. Shall we say 10?"

Bob stood for a moment, his face wearing a smile that was a trifle sardonic, when the waiter reappeared with the announcement that "Squire Merryweather presented his compliments, and could Mr. Summers receive him? The new visitor turned out to be a white-haired gentleman of amiable countenance and suave manners."

"You know me, Mr. Summers," he proceeded to introduce himself, "as the head of Merryweather's bank, no doubt? I called to express my sympathy with your bereavement, and to ask you if we can be of any service to you?"

"Why, you are extremely kind, sir," said Bob, in acknowledgment; "but you realize, doubtless, that I cannot open account on a solicitor's letter of advice. I should require something more tangible," he said, with an ingratiating smile.

"I fully appreciate your position, Mr. Summers. That will come in good time. You will probably settle down in your old home, and I believe I may say that Merryweather's has a reputation for solidity and for consideration toward its customers that cannot be exceeded elsewhere. But pending the realization of your prospects, it has occurred to us that a little present accommodation might be acceptable."

"You are doubly kind," said Bob, with some difficulty restraining a desire to clap the old gentleman on the back—"doubly kind! I dare say, my friend, Lord Wheedle—with a gesture toward the open note on the table—"would oblige me for a few weeks, but you realize the delicacy one feels in imposing on personal friendship?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Summers; the reluctance is most natural. But as between us the matter would have a purely business character. Shall we say an overdraft for \$25,000 on your acceptance at three months?"

"You would place me under an obligation I could not forget, Mr. Merryweather."

"Let it be so, then. Will you call at the bank before 11? Thank you."

With Monday forenoon came the interview with Mr. Bolster, and he emerged from it the half owner of a building estate, for which he had undertaken to pay \$100,000 in one, two, three and four years.

Out of at least a dozen schemes submitted to him, with the rosiest assurances of profitable investment, he selected three, which he negotiated during the week. He bought a wharf, a fleet of coasting vessels and a tin mine in the vicinity. By depositing the deeds with Merryweather's bank as collateral security, he obtained an overdraft large enough to enable him to complete these purchases on very favorable terms, and then he instructed his solicitors to amalgamate the three properties in a syndicate.

Altogether this was the hardest month's work in Mr. Robert Summers' life. He felt that he could not endure the strain of it much longer, and, moreover, there was some peril in prolonging it.

He gave the last of the four weeks to realizing on his investments, and the incipient boom his enterprise had started made that an easier task than he had anticipated.

Tin was rapidly rising in the market, for one thing, and he disposed of his interest in the Dormouth tin and coasting syndicate for a profit of \$15,000. Bolster was very glad to give him a \$5,000 profit for his half share in the building estate. He was able to pay off his overdraft at Merryweather's and retire with a clean \$17,000.

He gave no intimation, however, that the game was up. His popularity was at no time so great, nor his name so persistently on everybody's tongue, as when he was packing his portmanteau to return to London, on the evening of the fourth of the month following his arrival at Dormouth.

He met Ted Craig at the very spot on which they had parted a month before.

"What's all this rumor?" exclaimed Craig, "of your having come in for a fortune?"

"Good heavens! Has it got here?"

"All over the shop, Bob."

"Well, I have—a small one."

"Some old uncle in the West Indies, wasn't it?"

"The place isn't material, Ted."

"What did he die of?"

"A newspaper paragraph."

"Queer thing! Are you going back to Dormouth?"

"Never!"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

I am a bit of ashes. How I came to be here you wonder. I will tell you of my travels. When I first remember it was being on the back of a lamb whose fleece was white as snow. I was the fleece. I went around with the lamb whose name was Fanny, for two years, when the good old farmer came and took Fanny and me down to a small stream which flowed through his farm, washed us and took a pair of large shears and separated me from Fanny.

I, with a lot of my brothers and sisters, was put onto a wagon and drawn to market by two large white horses. I was then taken to a place called a mill, where they spun, spooled and wove me into a fine fabric. I was hauled to a dry goods store, piled up on a shelf among other pieces of cloth, and finally a lady bought me for her little girl whose name was Bella. She was a lovely little girl and thought me very pretty. I was to be made into an apron for Bella. She said that she would like to have me made "emphire."

Of course I didn't know what that meant.

They took me to the sewing-room, and there a lady took shears and cut me. Of course it hurt, but I was willing to stand anything for my young mistress, Bella's sake. Then they sewed me all up with a kind of thread and put lace on me and then I was ready to be worn. First I went to a lawn party at a nice residence of a little girl named Leta Snow. We had a lovely time (I mean Bella and I). They served ice cream and all sorts of goodies; all of which Bella seemed to enjoy. After that I went to quite a few parties. Then Bella only wore me to school. And after a while only around home until she grew tired of me and gave me to a little girl named Gladys Jones, who was quite poor. She wore me quite a while "for nice," as she said, and then just around home. Then little Johnnie, her little brother, in a pet one night took the scissors and cut a big hole in me.

Then Gladys made me into a dollie's dress for Margaret, her prettiest dolly. After a while, she thought I wasn't good enough for Margaret, so she gave me to Maggie, her rag dolly. After that, Cecil, Gladys' younger sister, tried to cut blocks for her dolly's quilt out of me, but she didn't know how very well, so she wasted me and I fell onto the floor. Mrs. Jones picked me up and put me into the rag bag. An old man came along and bought me and I was taken to a shop and made into smooth, shiny writing paper and sold from the store to a little girl named Hattie.

This little girl's mother was away visiting and so Hattie wrote a kind letter telling her mamma to return as quickly as possible. Her mamma was visiting her little nephew's parents and her little nephew found me on the table and tore me into shreds. The nurse, coming in later, put me into the stove, and the consequence was that I am now ashes. Now you have heard my story. Good-by.

An Evening Amusement.

Rabbit Butterfly Mouse Camel Goose Wolf Duckey Oz Reindeer Bear Dog Goat

SHADOWGRAPHS.

New Jersey "Out of the Union."

Little New Jersey has the distinction of occasionally being referred to as "out of the Union," as if it had set itself up to be an independent State. The expression is one of such long standing that many who use it do not know its origin. Tradition has it that after the fall of the French Emperor Napoleon his brother Joseph, formerly King of Spain, came to America with the French prince Murat. The two foreigners decided to purchase landed property in America, but, owing to then existing State laws, prohibiting a "foreigner from owning real estate, many States refused to let the refugees purchase land. At last application was made to the New Jersey Legislature, which passed an act enabling Joseph Bonaparte and Prince Murat to buy land in the State. The surrounding States poked fun at "little Jersey" for doing what they had refused to, and claimed that New Jersey was "out of the Union" because it had a king who was its social and political leader, for the former King of Spain was for many years one of the leading residents of the State.

A Book's Request.

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me."

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children."

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks."

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts."

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so."

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back."

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book-mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side so that I can have a good, comfortable rest."—Selected.

Big "I" in English Writing.

Did it ever occur to you that it might seem very egotistical for you to write of yourself with a capital "I" instead of using the small and less obtrusive one? The English use of the capital "I" is one of the oddest features of the language—to a foreigner. If a Frenchman writes referring to himself he makes "je" (the French equivalent of "I") with a small "j." So with the German, who may use capitals to begin every noun; he always uses the small "i" in writing "ich." The Spaniard avoids, as far as practicable, the use of the personal pronoun when writing in the first person, but he always writes it "yo," taking pains, however, to begin the Spanish equivalent of our "you" with a capital. In English it is surely big "I" and little "you," as the old saying has it.

CLEVER DOGS OF ESKIMOS.

Will Steal Food from Strangers' Tents, but Not from Their Own.

"Talk about dogs," said the old Alaska miner, at the dog show, "why, these curs of high and low degree are not in it when compared with the Alaska mamaloot. 'Musha' him and a broad smile spreads over his face, while his tail curls majestically over his back, and, with head and ears erect, every step he takes is a poem in arctic snows."

"From puppyhood up he takes to harness like a duck to water. He goes at it with vim and vigor characteristic of his ancestors. Rig the pup in any old harness, and it's amusing to see how good-naturedly he buckles down to business, staying with it like an old stager, never tiring, never feeling discouraged. One becomes very much attached to these exceedingly useful and companionable animals, and they always improve on acquaintance. The longer you know them the better you like them. With white men they are at first disposed to be a little shy, but they gradually make advances, and ultimately take the visitors into full confidence."

"When we pitched our tents on Nome beach last summer we had a little experience with huskies from the Eskimo huts. In our absence from the tents these dogs were inclined to take liberties with our provisions, but they did it in such a scientific manner that we felt more amused than outraged. The dogs would form a skirmish line on the outside, and then send their most skilled thief into the tent to reconnoiter for meat and bread. If this thief failed they would send another, and if he was successful they would divide the plunder in as intelligent and equitable a manner as dog thieves were capable of doing. These dogs were honest in the home, but they would pilfer from the stranger. When they became better acquainted with us we could leave the mess chests open and they would never touch anything; they were on their dog honor, and never violated it, only accepting food when it was offered to them."

"I'm led to these remarks," said the old miner, "from seeing men and boys on the streets endeavoring to break all manner of domestic dogs to harness. They can't do it; it's utterly impossible, because the poor brutes were not born that way. The Newfoundlanders or St. Bernards don't appear to have any interest in their new calling, and they show it in their downcast tails and dejected countenances. You must remember that dogs have very expressive faces, and show their feelings in a remarkable degree; they are the only animals that laugh and cry. They have shared my joys and sorrows in the bleak arctic, and this is why I have a tender heart for dogs."

England's Great Resources.

An amusing story is going the rounds of some Midland districts with reference to President Kruger. A grandson of that amiable old gentleman is said to have been in communication with Pretoria, and received a cable, "More ships arriving. Are any men left in Manchester?" Young Kruger went to Manchester and cabled back: "Regret, Manchester is still full." A second cable came from Pretoria: "Still more ships arriving. What about Leeds?" The answer was: "Regret, Leeds also full." A third cable came: "Try Newcastle." Young Kruger went to Newcastle and there saw a lift go down the shaft of a mine empty, bringing up eight men to the surface. Rushing off to the telegraph office he cabled: "Stop the war, grandpapa. England is bringing up men from h—!"—London Black and White.

South Africa Volcanic.

South Africa is of volcanic origin, and the land in the vicinity of Kimberley is so sulphurous that even ants cannot exist upon it.

It is said that Solomon never attempted to answer the questions of a child. This is another proof of the old gentleman's wisdom.

Every girl should have a silk petticoat. Its rustle sounds so rich she forgets she hasn't a cent in the world.

TACTICS OF THE "CON" MEN.

Simple Manner in Which They Alay the Suspicions of Dupe.

"You noticed in the papers, perhaps," said a Chicago detective who was in New Orleans for Mardi Gras, "that a young fellow from Kentucky had been beaten out of a couple of hundred dollars by a confidence man in the Louisiana city. The sharper had scraped an acquaintance, borrowed the money, 'till he could get a \$1,000 bill changed, and left the poor dupe waiting on the sidewalk while he stepped into the St. Charles to speak to the clerk. Of course, he never came back, and in those general features there is nothing remarkable about the case; but there is one little detail in connection with it that impressed me as being highly significant. Before leaving his victim on the sidewalk the confidence had handed him his overcoat."

"Just hold that for a minute, will you, old man?" he said, and thereupon proceeded to disappear. Now that overcoat incident was really the meat of the whole affair. If the young Kentuckian hadn't been requested to guard the garment he would never have permitted the other fellow to get out of his sight until he paid back the \$200 he had borrowed earlier in the evening. But the shabby old overcoat, worth about 75 cents at a junkshop, inspired him with unlimited confidence."

"I may say without exaggeration that I've known the same kind of a dodge to be worked successfully by at least forty different cases. In every instance the dupe was given something to hold. There used to be a noted confidence man up around my home, known as 'Smooth Eddie Burns,' who made a specialty of swindling countrymen. He always carried an old-fashioned blue gingham umbrella, with an ebony handle, a very respectable-looking umbrella, and when he excused himself for a moment after making the usual borrow, he would request his victim to look after it until he returned. They say Burns used to buy those umbrellas by the gross, and by the time his career came to a close you could find at least one of them in every farmhouse in Northern Illinois."

ROOM 13.

The Troubles Which Hotel Clerk Have Therewith.

"The superstition about 13 works both ways in the hotel business," volunteered the proprietor of one of our hotels, "though in the great majority of cases it is against any room that is numbered 13. People who are strong enough to resist nearly all other popular superstitions fall down when the thirteen case arises for their consideration, and especially when they are shown to a room having that number. In a great number of hotels the rooms numbered 13 are used for storage rooms or linen closets and the like, though in many of the most modern there is no Room 13, the jump being made from 12 to 14. This is, no doubt, the best way to get out of the trouble as far as the guests are concerned, but some extra sensitive persons will notice the jump and fight shy of 14 as well, for they can see if the numbering was properly carried out it would bear the supposed fatal or unfortunate number. In my hotel there is a Room 13, and I assure you, it is oftener vacant than occupied."

"Only a few weeks since one of the men whose name is most prominently mentioned in this country in connection with politics stopped at this hotel. As 13 was empty, as usual, the clerk sent him to it, thinking that he was not affected by the superstition. He noticed the number before he got to the door and refused the room, saying that he would not occupy it under any circumstances. He then told the clerk that he had studied into the superstition as far as it related to politics, and had learned that in the three last Presidential conventions the men who were to nominate the popular candidate for President by circumstances were put into rooms in the convention cities numbered 13, and that in each case their candidates were defeated for nomination. He thought the 13 did the business for them as much as anything else, and maybe more than all things else combined. Now, while this is true, there are those who prefer 13 to any other number, and especially those who are members of the so-called thirteen clubs, who hold their meetings on the 13th of the months, have 13 at each table at the dinners and the like. If it was not for these, a room numbered 13 would be just so much lost space in a hotel."

Youthful Diplomacy.

The grocery man on the corner relates that a couple of days ago a little girl entered his emporium and timidly laying down a dime asked for 10 cents' worth of candy.

"It's for papa," she said. "I want to 'aprise him when he comes home."

The grocery man proceeded to dig out some of his stock, when the little girl interposed.

"Don't give me that kind. Give me caramels. I just love caramels."

"But I thought these were for papa," the grocery man remarked.

"I know," explained the little girl, "but when I give them to papa he'll just kiss me and say that 'cause I'm such a generous little girl he'll give them back to me. So you'd better give me caramels."—Memphis Scimitar.

An Old Insurance Policy.

The late Dr. Martineau insured his life for \$1,000 as far back as the year 1823. It is not often that a life policy remains in force for seventy-two years. The total amount payable under the policy with bonus additions was \$4,331.

Kings Who Don't Shoot.

The King of Sweden never touches a gun. The King of Belgium has shot only once in his life, and the Sultan of Turkey cannot bear to see a gun.

JOHN HOWARD PARNELL.

Quarreled with His Sister About the Queen's Visit to Ireland.

The visit of Queen Victoria to Ireland provoked a controversy in the Parnell family. Anna Parnell, sister of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, was displeased and said the country should wear mourning for the event. Her brother, John Howard Parnell, on the other hand, was enthusiastic over the royal visit and scores his sister sharply.

John Howard Parnell has none of the brilliant qualities of his brother, yet he has taken some part in Irish politics. In 1873 he and Charles Stewart Parnell came to this country, intending to locate here. In Georgia they bought peach-growing lands and settled down to fruit farming. Returning to Ireland to prepare for removal to this country, they found the home rule party in bad condition and its leader anxious that John should enter Parliament for the purpose of galvanizing it into new life.

He declined to permit his name to be used, but suggested that his brother, Charles Stewart, might make the fight. In this way it came about that the younger Parnell remained in Ireland and made history for his country while the elder returned to Georgia to become the first successful shipper of peaches from that State to the Northern markets. During the years that John Howard Parnell lived on his peach farm he was noted for his eccentricities.

He hardly spoke to his neighbors, and when he did it was in monosyllables. He had a large library, in which he spent much of his time when he was not hunting.

He led this life year after year. When disaster came to his distinguished brother he refused to discuss the matter except to express confidence in his ability to triumph over all his foes. Upon the death of Charles Stewart, John returned to Ireland and was elected to Parliament. He attempted to make himself leader of the Irish party there, but lacked the qualities essential for leadership.

TYPICAL VILLAGE CROSS.

Its Like Abounds Everywhere in Many Parts of South America.

Here is a picture of a typical village cross at San Francisco, a small village near Paris, in the province of Minas Geraes, Brazil. On the cross are represented all the paraphernalia of Christ's crucifixion, including a hammer and a pair of pliers. This remarkable object lesson in the passion of Christ may be said to commence with the denial of Peter, which is represented by the frolicsome cock surrounding the whole curious structure.

Not All Taffy.

"Can you tell me who Ananias was?" asked the old man of the proprietor of the book store.

"Of course I can," was the reply. "He was the champion liar of the world at one time. Did anyone call you Ananias?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, called me Ananias; and darn my buttons if I didn't think he was giving me a bushel of praise. Next man calls me Ananias won't know what house fell on him."—Washington Post.

A Literary Shock.

"I'm very fond of whist," said Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta and I play it a great deal."

"I have just been reading up on the game."

"I never look at such books. They affect me like downright impertinence. The men who wrote some of them seem to think they know more about the game than Henrietta does."—Washington Star.

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The Pinkham Record

Is a proud and peerless record. It is a record of cure, of constant conquest over obstinate ills of women; ills that deal out despair; suffering that many women think is woman's natural heritage; disorders and displacements that drive out hope.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

cures these troubles of women, and robs menstruation of its terrors.

No woman need be without the safest and surest advice, for Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Can any woman afford to ignore the medicine and the advice that has cured a million women?

Cowboy Blacksmithing. "Up at my camp near the Four Peaks," told Jim Bark, the well known saddleman, "the boys are all handy with a rifle. We've a lot of guns up there. Most of the new guns were bought during the Spanish war, when we would experiment all day with new trunks and rough trenches, learning the art of war at home. We found that a bullet from one of the new Winchester, driven by smokeless powder, was good for four feet and more of pine timber and for more than an inch of iron.

"I thought the boys had done about everything in the shooting line that could be done long ago, but I was mistaken. I sent them up a wagon. In hauling down some firewood they broke the bolsters all to flinders. The bolsters hold up the wagon bed, you know. Well, the boys figured out all right the rebuilding of the wood parts, but came near being stumped on the iron fixings. They got some old iron wagon tires and cut them in proper lengths, but hadn't a way that they could see to punch the necessary bolt holes. Finally the question was solved. One of the boys carefully marked the places for the bolts, stood the piece of tire against a tree and put a bullet, 30 caliber, through the tire at each place marked. It was a novel sort of blacksmithing, but it worked."—Arizona Grapevine.

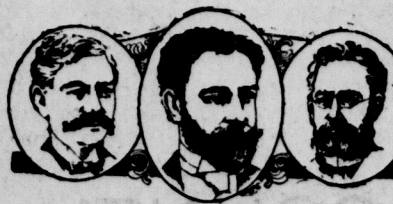
Stole Watch to Get Square. "Great Scott, but that's a fine watch!" came from the chorus. "Where'd you ever get it?" "Stole it," answered its possessor calmly. "You don't believe me, do you?" he went on. "Well, I'll tell you how it happened. I was on a western district which enjoyed the reputation of being the toughest one covered by the house. I had some time to kill and so went into one of the gambling joints. It isn't necessary to go into details as to what happened. As luck would have it, there were a half dozen others in the place besides myself who might be considered as possible victims.

"When the time came, the lights were put out suddenly, and then we had 'rough house' for about ten minutes. In the middle of it I felt somebody grab my watch and reached after him. I caught some one and felt that he was just putting a watch in his trousers pocket. I gave him a hard wrench and got the timepiece. Then I broke away. When I got to the light I found the watch was this one. And as I never heard from the owner I have kept it to compensate for the loss of mine."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The bacilli are found in the sputa, and it is settled by repeated researches that tuberculosis is spread nearly exclusively by dried sputum.

HOME CURES

FREE BOOK FOR MEN
Lost Manhood, Private Diseases and Contagious Blood Poison a Specialty.
If you cannot visit San Francisco write for free copy of our "Marriage Guide," advice, question list, etc. Letters confidential. No printing on envelopes or packages to indicate name of sender.



You may deposit the price of a cure in any San Francisco bank, to be paid after you are well, or may pay in monthly installments. Prices reasonable. No injurious medicines or electric belts used. Medicines and appliances free to patients.

DR. MEYERS & CO.,
731 MARKET ST., S. F.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURE WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Cure For Pneumonia.
Take six to ten onions, according to size, and chop fine; put in a large spider over a hot fire, then add about the same quantity of rye meal and vinegar enough to make it a thick paste. In the meanwhile stir it thoroughly, letting it simmer five or ten minutes. Then put in a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs and apply it to the chest as hot as the patient can bear. When it gets cool, apply another and thus continue by reheating the poultices. In a few hours the patient will be out of danger.

This simple remedy has never failed in this too often fatal malady. Usually three or four applications will be sufficient, but continue always until perspiration starts freely from the chest.

This simple remedy was formulated many years ago by one of the best physicians New England has ever known, who never lost a patient by this disease and won his renown by saving persons by simple remedies after the best medical talent had pronounced their cases hopeless. Personally we know of three persons who were saved by the remedy last winter in Boston after their physicians had given them up to die, and if a record was made of all similar cases during the last six years it would fill a good sized volume.—"The World's Progress."

Wonders of New Hampshire.
The average reader will be amazed to learn that little New Hampshire, with less than 10,000 square miles, has no less than 406 lakes and ponds, 154 brooks, 58 rivers and 294 mountains. This makes Iowa look small. Colorado, a big state, has 556 creeks. Texas has comparatively few rivers, lakes and creeks. Alabama has 603 creeks and 57 rivers. Iowa cannot approach that record. Minnesota has 222 lakes and 140 rivers.—New York Press.

Millions for Baseball.
"A million of dollars are spent every year for baseball, but large as this is, it cannot equal the amount spent in search of health. We urge those who have spent much and lost hope to try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It strengthens the stomach, makes digestion easy, and cures dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness and weak kidneys.

An Eastern poet has inherited a fortune. He will probably buy some of the magazines to which he has been trying to contribute, and discharge the editors.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet, relieves painful, swollen, smarting, itching feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

"Joe, there's a collar and cuff trust started." "Oh, gracious! I've been turning mine upside down. Now I suppose I'll have to turn them inside out."

A HINT FOR SPRING.

When Housekeepers are Brightening the Interiors of Their Homes.
Now that the backbone of this remarkable winter is broken, housekeepers are rearing the dingy look of the home interior. The question of new wall coverings is up. Paper is dear and short lived; kalomines are dirty and scaly; paint is costly. The use of such a cement as Alabastine, for instance, will solve the problem. This admiring wall coating is clean, pure and wholesome. It can be put on with no trouble by anyone; there is choice of many beautiful tints; and it is long lasting.

"How's your new apartment?" "Oh, it's all right; we are just good walking distance from the elevator."

As spring approaches the blood gets sluggish, impure, and breeds disease. A good wholesome tonic to set things right is needed. Try Adam's Sarsaparilla Pills. 10c, 25c. Sold by drug stores.

Jaxon—Every body seems to have the grip these days. Faxon—(dejectedly)—I seem to have lost mine.

HOW'S THIS?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

STERNE—What a chap you are, Boudier! You never agree with anybody. Boudier—Well, what of that? Am I to blame if everybody else is wrong?

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Adams and Sculpture.

President John Quincy Adams once asserted that he would not give 50 cents for all the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, adding, "I hope America will not think of sculpture for two centuries to come."

When some one quoted this to William Morris Hunt, he asked dryly, "Does that sum of money really represent Mr. Adams' estimate of the sculpture of those artists or the value which he places upon 50 cents?"

A Diplomatic Poet.

An eastern poet has penned some rhymes that show he is a born diplomat. Here is a sample verse:

And the goldenrod droops down its head
In sullens of despair,
For its splendor that faded is outshone and
shamed.

By the gold of Evadne's hair!
If that isn't a neat and unobjectionable way of calling a girl redheaded, we don't know what is.—Chelehead Plain Dealer.

Vitality.

Because one's parents and grandparents lived to be nearly 100 does not make it certain that their descendants will do likewise, for the inheritance of vitality may all be dissipated in 20 years of high living. A small stock of vital force well taken care of may last twice as long.

Not a "Pompous Prelate."
Bishop Gallor, at a banquet at which the bishop of Kentucky was present, told this story on the latter gentleman: "In one of the backwoods towns of Kentucky," said Bishop Gallor, "the pastor of the Baptist church gave out this notice before the sermon one Sunday morning: 'I am told and have been partially convinced,' he said, 'that it is my Christian duty to give the following notice—To wit: That a man who styles himself 'bishop of Kentucky' is about to visit this town and will hold forth in the courthouse on Wednesday evening. I desire to add, however, my brethren, that, in the humble opinion of your pastor, the place for members of this congregation on Wednesday night will be in this place listening to your own pastor rather than listening to the words of that pompous prelate at the courthouse.'

"On the following Thursday morning the Baptist went out upon the street seeking for some of his congregation who had not been at the Wednesday evening meeting. The first one he found was a deacon.

"Well, deacon," he asked, "were you to the courthouse last night?"

"Yes," said the deacon.

"I trust," said the parson, with some irony in his tone, "you were edified by the words of the pompous prelate."

"Now, looky here, parson," said the deacon, "that man ain't no pompous prelate; no such thing. He's just as common as there is. What do you reckon on he did? He preached in his shirt sleeves!"—Indianapolis Sentinel.

An Inimitable Feat.

The sailors of three men-of-war, American, French and British, while in the same harbor, were competing with each other for the best display of seamanship. A Yankee went to the top of the mainmast and stood there with an arm extended. A Frenchman then went aloft and extended both arms.

An Irishman on board the British ship thought if he could stand there with a leg and an arm extended he would be declared the most daring sailor. Nimely he mounted to the highest point and attempted to do so, but at the last moment lost his balance and fell through the rigging toward the deck.

The various ropes against which he came in contact broke his fall, and when near the deck he succeeded in grasping a rope. To this he hung for a couple of seconds and then dropped lightly on the deck, landing safely on his feet.

Folding his arms triumphantly, as if it were all in the programme, he glanced toward the rival ships and joyously exclaimed:

"There, you frog eating and pig sticking foreigners, beat that if you can!"—Collier's Weekly.

Garland and the Virginian.

Cleveland's first attorney general, Garland—a specimen of what Lincoln called the plain people—was born in Arkansas and "raised" in blue jeans. One day, at the department of justice, he received a visit from a Virginia gentleman of aristocratic manner, who bored him horribly with talk about "first families."

"It seems to me, suh," said the visitor at last, "that there are Gyarlands in North Carolina. I once met a gentleman named Henry Garland, from that state. May I ask, suh, if he was a relative of yours?"

"First cousin," replied Mr. Garland shortly. "He was hanged for horse stealing."

A look of ill conceived horror and disgust came over the visitor's countenance. Then, drawing on his gloves, he rose to his feet, took up his hat, and, waving a hand toward the walls of the room, said: "A fine collection of portraits you have here, Mr. Garland. Your predecessors in office, I presume?"

"Yes," grunted Mr. Garland. The Virginian stalked out, evidently glad to make his escape, and the attorney general, turning to his chief clerk, grinned and remarked:

"He'll never bother me any more."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Her Reason.

"Why did Mrs. Frizzington, the rich widow who furnished all the money for the business she and you have started, want the name of the firm to be 'Routle & Frizzington' instead of 'Frizzington & Routle'?" as it ought to be, seeing that she is much more heavily interested than you?"

"She didn't want to be referred to as 'the senior partner.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

From Washington

How a Little Boy Was Saved.

Washington, D. C.—"When our boy was about 16 months old he broke out with a rash which was thought to be measles. In a few days he had a swelling on the left side of his neck and it was decided to be mumps. He was given medical attendance for about three weeks when the doctor said it was scarlet fever and ordered a salve. He wanted to lance the sore, but I would not let him and continued giving him medicine for about four months when the bunch broke in two places and became a running sore. Three doctors said it was scarlet fever and each ordered a blood medicine. A neighbor told me of a case somewhat like our baby's which was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I decided to give it to my boy and in a short while his health improved and his neck healed so nicely that I stopped giving him the medicine. The sore broke out again, however, whereupon I again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla and its persistent use has accomplished a complete cure." Mrs. NETTIE CHASE, 47 K St., N. E.

FAIR WOMEN SPEAK.

Pe-ru-na Works Wonders for the Gentler Sex in Catarrhal Ailments.



MRS. COLONEL HAMILTON.

That Pe-ru-na has become a household remedy in the home of Mrs. Colonel Hamilton is well attested by a letter from her, which says: "I can give my testimony as to the merits of your remedy, Pe-ru-na. I have been taking the same for some time, and am enjoying better health now than I have for some years. I attribute the change to Pe-ru-na, and recommend Pe-ru-na to every woman, believing it to be especially beneficial to them." Mrs. Hamilton's residence is 259 Goodale street, Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Margaretta Dauben, No. 1214 North Superior street, Racine City, Wis., says: "I feel so well and good, and healthy now that pen cannot describe it. Pe-ru-na is everything to me. I feel healthy and well, but if I should be sick I would know what to take. I have taken several bottles for female complaint. I am in the change of life and it does me good."

Have you catarrh of the head, throat, lungs, stomach or any other organ of the body? If so, write to Dr. Hartman at once. He will send you directions for treatment without charge. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

They Spilled Over.

Marjorie never cries when any little mishap befalls her and has been known to sustain without shedding a tear severe bumps that have rapidly acquired a black and blue aspect. But the other day Araminta, her dearly loved and tenderly cherished doll, fell into the open grate and received a contusion of the nose which was most unpleasant to contemplate. Marjorie winked very hard for a few minutes, and then, running with her injured Araminta to her mother, she buried her head in her lap, sobbing, "Oh, mamma, I don't want to cry, but my tears have all come unfastened."

Where the Paint Went.

"I thought you were working on Jay Krank's new house," said the house painter's friend.

"I was going to," replied the house painter, "but I had a quarrel with him, and he said he'd put the paint on himself."

"And did he do it?"

"Yes, that is where he put most of it."—Philadelphia Press.

Pooled Them.

Mrs. Walldoff—Which of these ancestors are yours and which are your husband's?

Mrs. Justina—Oh, it's a funny thing about them ancestors! The decorators got 'em mixed while fixing the gallery, and we couldn't tell 'o'er from which, so we bunched the whole lot and called 'em our ancestors.—Judge.

Improved Ball-Bearing \$18 SEWING MACHINE

will do as much work and as great a variety as the highest priced machine sold. Operates on ball-bearings, runs with no noise and little effort. We warrant it satisfactory to the user in use for 10 years. To introduce this machine we will, for a limited time, send our No. 3 style, as illustrated, with attachments, on receipt of \$18, freight paid. Write today for our Catalogue of Sewing Machines.

PATTOSI'S Furniture Exposition Building, corner 16th and Mission Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

BUY THE GENUINE SYRUP OF FIGS

... MANUFACTURED BY ... CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ... NOTE THE NAME.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

ITCHING Piles produce moisture and cause itching. This form, as well as Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles are cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. Stops itching and bleeding. Absorbs tumors. 50c a Jar at druggists or sent by mail. Treatise free. Write me about your case. DR. BOSANKO, Philadelphia, Pa.

CLAIMANTS FOR PENSION

write to NATHAN B. BICKFORD, WASHINGTON, D. C. they will receive quick replies. B. 5th N E Vols Staff 20th Corps. Prosecuting Claims Since 1878.

MISS ANNIE WYANDOTTE.

Miss Annie Wyandotte, "queen of the operatic stage and dramatic soprano," says:

"Fifteenth St. and Jackson Ave. Kansas City, Mo.

"Dr. Hartman: Dear Sir—Pe-ru-na has been my salvation. It has given me back a beautiful voice, a gift of God; it has brought me once more to my old profession. I can talk now, and sing, where before, I could scarcely whisper. Can you wonder at my delight? I wish every person who is suffering as I suffered might know Pe-ru-na. Only those who have been afflicted can ever know the intense satisfaction and gratitude that comes with a complete cure. My voice was completely gone. April 15 I felt so elated over the restoration of my voice that I inserted an advertisement in The Star for vocal pupils. The advertisement, which cost me 65 cents, brought me five pupils, and that was the beginning of my present large class.

Yours gratefully,

Annie Wyandotte."

A congestion, inflammation or ulceration of the mucous membrane, whether of the head, stomach, kidneys, or other organ, is known to the medical profession as catarrh. It is known by different names, such as dyspepsia, Bright's disease, female complaint, diarrhoea, bronchitis, consumption and a host of other names. Wherever there is a congested mucous membrane there is catarrh, acute or chronic.

Rubber Growing in Mexico

surpasses richest Klondike treasure: \$100 each invested draws five per cent interest five years, worth \$500 then; yields \$1,000 a year thereafter. Land most fertile, little absolute. Two dollars monthly without interest, sufficient time, secure many results, co-operative plan, deals, cancels unpaid installments; safer than saving bank or life insurance, crop failure impossible, larger investments equally profitable, other crops and business make quick fortunes; desirable employment also obtainable; reliable information about sure sources of wealth, including colored map and elaborate photographs, five hundred dollars cannot buy elsewhere, because others do not possess such valuable and good money making plan. Registered or money order. Address or call on BONSAC CO-OPERATIVE CO., Agents, 246 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. Out this out.

VARICOCELE CURED IN ONE WEEK

at office, or four weeks of home treatment. Over 2,000 cases cured with out a single failure or unpleasant result. Correspondence and the fullest investigation invited. Fee \$20, for guaranteed cure. \$100 for security for return of vibrator, and \$10 when cure is effected. Ten minutes a day only necessary. No money until cured for office treatment. Dr. Talbot & Co. Specialists for Men only, 607 Market Street, Corner 6th Street, San Francisco, California.

YOUNG MEN!

For Gonorrhea and Gleet get Paine's Ointment. It is the ONLY medicine which will cure each and every case. NO CASE which it has ever failed to cure, no matter how serious or of how long standing. Results from its use will astonish you. It is absolutely safe, prevents stricture, and can be taken without inconvenience and detention from business. PRICE \$2.00. For sale by all reliable druggists, or sent prepaid by express, plainly wrapped, on receipt of price, by PAIN'S CHEMICAL CO., Chicago, Ill. Circular mailed on request.

MANY SICK WOMEN

Can easily trace their trouble to the blood, but that don't help, unless they find a remedy.

Moore's Revealed Remedy

Purifies the blood—makes sick women strong and well. \$1.00 per bottle at the drug store.

FREE!

Sell 10 of our 10c each, return us the money and we send FREE this 200A diamond ring. SOLD GOLD finished, warranted, send full address for pins and premium list. NO MONEY REQUIRED. Mystic Button Co., Mansfield, Mass.

KODAK AGENCY

H. B. Moser carries a full line of Photographic Goods. Developing & Printing a Specialty. 338 Market St., S. F.

MISS CLARA STOECKER.

Miss Clara Stoeker says: "I had chronic catarrh for over a year. I tried many remedies, but found no relief until I saw an advertisement in the paper of your treatment for chronic catarrh. I tried it and I think I am now well. I recommend Pe-ru-na to all my friends who are afflicted with catarrh." Miss Stoeker lives at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. Margaret Fritz, Wilcox, Oklahoma.

writes: "I extend my sincere thanks for the good advice you have given me. I do not believe I would be living now if it were not for you. I had suffered with flow of blood for four months, and the doctors could help me but little. They operated on me three times. It was very painful and I only obtained little relief. I was so weak I could not turn in bed. Then I applied to Dr. Hartman. I did not know whether he could help me or not, but followed his advice, and used only three bottles of Pe-ru-na and Man-a-lin. Now I am well and as strong as I ever was, thanks to your remedies." Pelvic catarrh has become so frequent that most women are more or less afflicted with it. It is usually called female disease.

Are you looking for trouble?

No? Then you had better get ready to irrigate your land right now. You've lost several crops by not doing it—do you want to lose another?

Our pumping plants are fully guaranteed.

Send full particulars.

Hercules Gas Engine Works

141-143 FIRST STREET

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ATLAS BOURBON WHISKY

Especially Mellow and Attractive to the Taste. ADMIRABLE DIETETIC PROPERTIES. Be sure to have a bottle home. For Sale by Dealers.

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Works Swiftly

Wears Slowly

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Send for Catalogue.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 211 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

CURE YOURSELF!

Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not straining or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.50. Circular sent on request.

S. F. N. U. NO. 17, 1900

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and Seven Miles of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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